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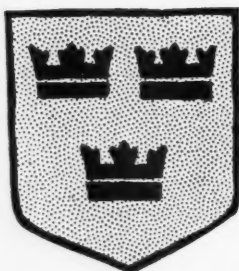
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FINANCIAL NOTES

SCANDINAVIAN BANK INSPECTORS MEET

At the meeting of the bank inspectors of the Scandinavian countries, held in Oslo, the difficulties with which Norway and Denmark especially had to contend during the economic periods following the war were given thorough examination. The Swedish bank inspector, von Krusenstjerna, discussing the financial status of his own country, declared it was not easy to say offhand why Sweden passed the crisis in better condition than her two neighbors. He believed, however, that the reason was that his country has its bank laws enacted in advance of either Denmark or Norway. For Denmark, Bank Inspector Hald stated that the situation there has cleared, and that in the case of Landmandsbanken, for instance, the heavy losses sustained have been taken care of properly for the better management of that institution. The Scandinavian Bank Inspection, which has been in existence five years, was presided over at the meeting by the Norwegian Inspector, Director Haugaard.

RURAL BANKER'S IMPORTANCE DEFINED

With regard to banking in the rural community of the United States, Benjamin M. Andersen, economist of the Chase National Bank of New York, told the bankers assembled in Columbus, at the meeting of the Georgia Bankers' Association, that the banker in the rural community is in a position to assist in preventing economic waste on the farm in co-operation with the farmer himself. The holders of mortgages, of course, he had a legal right to foreclose if interest is not met and if amortization payments are not met. In such instances the banker can show his fairness after a thorough investigation, assist in some adjustment satisfactory to creditor and debtor. The community is likely to be gainer in such a case.

SWEDISH POSTAL BANKS REFLECT PROSPERITY

With 750,000 depositors, the Swedish Postal Savings Banks at a recent accounting had on deposits 165,000,000 kronor, a gain of 16,000,000 kronor within the past year. Director Doss in his annual report states that the position of the Postal Savings Banks in a measure reflect the good economic condition of the country and that it shows a very decided revival of business. The Postal Savings Banks made a net profit of 1,277,000 kronor during the year. The average amount of each deposit was 66.69 kronor. The maximum amount allowed by law for each depositor is 5,000 kronor, although a movement is under way to enable this amount.

DANISH BANK YEAR BOOK FOR 1926

The Danish Bank Year Book for 1926, edited by Dr. A. C. Kaarsen, is more complete than any of its predecessors, and contains a great deal of information of interest to financier and layman alike. Much attention has been paid to stock companies and similar enterprises. The banking information is as complete as efficient editing can make it. The year book contains some 400 pages and comes in a form easy to handle.

CONCERNING THE N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE

In line with the efforts of the New York Stock Exchange to place as much financial information as possible within the reach of the public, E. H. H. Simmons, president of the Exchange, has requested corporations with listed stocks and bonds wherever possible to publish quarterly earnings statements. In the old days it was the custom of the companies to issue reports of earnings only once a year. This was later changed to semi-annual reports as a requirement by the Exchange, and the quarterly report was introduced as a voluntary movement by some corporations. In the case of new listings, however, the Exchange makes the quarterly statement of earnings a requisite. Another change from earlier years is the requirement that earnings statements be published in advance of the annual meetings of corporations with securities listed on the Stock Exchange.

DIRECTOR YOUNG ON NORWAY'S FINANCE OUTLOOK

On his recent visit to the United States, H. Young, in charge of the credit department of the Norske Creditbank, expressed the belief that conditions in Norway were on the upgrade, and that the new regulations with regard to bank control would work to the advantage of both the financial institutions and depositors. The Norske Creditbank was organized in 1857, and is the next oldest bank in Norway. Recently it took possession of its new building erected at a cost of 5,000,000 kroner. Norwegian materials and Norwegian workers were employed in the construction to the fullest extent possible. The chief administrators of the bank are H. Kamstrup Hegge and O. Evensen.

COPENHAGEN PROPERTIES VALUED AT THREE BILLION KRONER

The value of Copenhagen properties has increased from 2,471,000,000 kroner in 1920 to almost 3,000,000,000 kroner in 1925. The Government owns property valued at 270,000,000 kroner, and the City of Copenhagen has properties valued at 216,000,000 kroner. These properties are exempt from taxation. The great increase in values is best seen from the fact that in 1916 Copenhagen properties were valued at only 1,710,000,000 kroner.

POSITION OF THE BANK OF FINLAND

A greater demand for credit at the Bank of Finland is indicative of increased business development during the second quarter of 1926. The increase in credits referred principally to rediscounts by the Joint Stock banks. As the Government withdrew considerable amounts at the same time, nearly 75,000,000 marks, the notes in circulation were increased by 40,000,000 marks and the foreign currency reserves were reduced by 45,000,000 marks. The cost of living has fallen three points to 1,172 and the wholesale price index dropped ten points to 1,081. Both stand some ten points lower than at the corresponding time last year.

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1926

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The REVIEW will be forgiven for reminding its readers how often it has introduced Scandinavian authors to the American public. In our pages were printed the first American translations of stories by the Norwegian writers Gabriel Scott, Johan Falkberget, Jacob B. Bull; from Sweden, Sigfrid Siwertz, Per Hallström, and Märta af Sillén; and from Denmark, Johannes V. Jensen, Jeppe Aakjær, and Gyrithe Lemche. Again in a Fiction Number we bring to America short stories by two authors whose works in fiction never before have been read here in English; Hans E. Kinck and Thomas Olesen Lökken.

In Norway HANS E. KINCK is named among the greatest of the nation's authors; but there is a more difficult barrier than the seas between the literary homeland of Kinck and our own—the barrier of language. His *riksmaal* heavily laden with dialect is almost *landsmaal*, defiant to translators. But this style of his throws a warm light of in-

timacy over his landscape, the hard-worked soil and the stooping peasant, the hunter and the fisherman of the Westland. Our translator is a former Fellow of the Foundation, Barent Ten Eyck, a graduate of Princeton University.

THOMAS OLESEN LÖKKEN is a young author who has won distinction quickly in Denmark. He has a field that is his own, the life of the Jutland peasant. His familiarity with the Jutland coast, its adventures and tragedies, was shown in an article which he wrote for the REVIEW a little more than a year ago, *Saving Lives on the Jutland Reefs*, a graphic account of the Danish Life Saving Service.

Our first story by MÄRTA AF SILLÉN, *The Two Sybils*, won honorable mention by Edward J. O'Brien in *The Best Short Stories of 1925*. We hope that Mr. O'Brien may see *The Golden Circle*; and if he does, it may then be safe to venture a prophecy. This young Swedish author is the mistress of two arts, applauded for her dancing as for her writing.

LIFE ASSOCIATES

Endowers of the Foundation

Most of our Associates are, we find, Associates for life. They do not give up their membership in the Foundation. Each January when their annual dues are payable they renew their part in the Foundation, and the REVIEW goes to them uninterruptedly.

But a few of our Associates are more than Associates for life paying annual dues. They are LIFE ASSOCIATES. By one payment of two hundred dollars they have relieved themselves and us of the annual nuisance of dues. Each year of their lives, they receive the REVIEW and the books as they are issued.

And this is even more significant—they, as Life Associates, are endowers of the Foundation. The payment of a Life Associate goes into our endowment and becomes a part of our permanent fund.

The Trustees of the Foundation consider the enrollment of Life Associates to be the best method of increasing the endowment of the Foundation. They believe that many of our Annual Associates will welcome an opportunity to become Life Associates. They invite each reader of the REVIEW to become a Life Associate of the Foundation.



STOCKHOLM

Goodwin

A WINTER SUNSET OVER STOCKHOLM

Photograph by Goodwin

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The Golden Gate

OUR SWEDISH royal visitors have ended their strenuous trip across the country and have reached the spot which for all Northern travelers has the lure of distant romance, the Golden Gate. In a few days they will embark through it upon their trip to the Orient.

As they leave American shores, their Royal Highnesses carry with them the good wishes of all without exception. From the Swedish baby girl who sat on the Crown Prince's arm, and the young men and women at the new Upsala who took their diplomas from his hand, to the highest officials in Washington, all retain an impression of graciousness and gentle courtesy bearing the stamp of unaffected sincerity.

Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf in his name carries the highest traditions of Swedish kingship, from the time when the Lion of the North was leading the oppressed of Europe in a fight for spiritual freedom. In his family name he owns with pride the blood of the French revolutionist, Bernadotte, who became king of Sweden, not by conquest, but by the free choice of a vigorous people who wanted as their ruler a real man, not a weakling. Perhaps he remembered his ancestry when Governor Smith of New York remarked that "if he were not Crown Prince he would be elected president."

If the oft-quoted saying of Geijer is true, that "the history of Sweden is the history of her kings," the future ruler of Sweden is well fitted to take his place as the head of a people which to-day ranks high in statecraft, in art, science, and all the humanities. Himself a man of high culture and solid intellectual attainments, he has a wide comprehension of modern life in all its varied activities, its manifold expressions. An enlightened modern prince, he has fully accepted the view of royalty not as privilege but as responsibility.

From the chorus of newspaper praise following the visit of their

Royal Highnesses in the East, we choose that of *The New York Herald-Tribune* as particularly felicitous in its phrasing:

If the Swedish royal visitors have taken away from New York impressions of their sojourn half as pleasant as those which they have left, the hospitality of New England and the greetings of the West will not cause them to forget their welcome here. They won all hearts by their spontaneous friendliness. Never were distinguished guests more responsive to every demand upon their attention and their versatility. They have adapted themselves perfectly to the American scene without the slightest trace of studied effort.

The Crown Prince has strengthened our bond with Sweden that was already strong. Admirable for tact and feeling was his address at the Ericsson monument, and not less so his other speeches. His praise of the whole-souled Americanism of our people of Swedish blood, one of the stalwart elements of the nation, cements international friendship. Sweden is fortunate in a representative who can speak so happily of the traditions of a fine, virile race firmly rooted in a new country.

Of Gustavus Adolphus himself all opinions are golden. Princely in bearing, but not pompous, his unaffected, dignified, democratic demeanor has appealed to everybody. Scholar, athlete, soldier, it is easy for him to find a meeting ground with many minds. The degrees conferred upon him by Yale and Princeton are not mere honorific gestures, but a recognition of mental attainments in keeping with his commanding stature. He is taking advantage of his American trip to gain all sorts of information. Apparently there is no topic that fails to interest his alert mind, whether it be a statistic, a flower, a Chinese vase, the weekly wage of a garment worker, a highway signal, the growth of New York's population, or anything else under the sun. No traveler could possibly use a more observant eye.

The interest of the Crown Prince in all phases of American life—business, institutions, culture, everything in large and in detail—enhances his personal attraction. He expects to turn his experience to Sweden's profit. New York is already his debtor for a delightful acquaintance all too brief.

A Tribute to the Foundation

Speech of Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf at the Dinner Tendered Him by the Trustees of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, June 10

DURING these first two weeks of our stay in your hospitable country it has been my good fortune to meet with several of these associations whose object it is to strengthen the friendly relations, the good understanding, and the commercial intercourse between the United States of America and Sweden. It is highly gratifying for me now to have this opportunity to get acquainted with the Trustees of the American-Scandinavian Foundation and with so many other members and friends of this institution.

I have already heard much about the Foundation and I am very pleased to know of the singular success with which your work has met. It is your aim to bring the United States, on the one hand, and the Scandinavian countries, on the other, closer together intellectually as

well as materially. Although the Foundation has been working for comparatively few years, we in Sweden already observe laudable results. What could be a more praiseworthy purpose than to send young men and women from one country to the other to study various sides of human activity? The adage ascribed to an old Greek philosopher, "Know thine own self," is true enough; but in this era of rapid communication and world-wide interdependence there is much to be said in favor of a better knowledge of our neighbors, even though they are separated from us by 4,000 miles of water.

It is readily recognized that closer contact between our two countries is of mutual benefit. We certainly have lots to learn from you. You are an energetic people, who are teaching the rest of the world that time saved is money earned. Your faculty for forging ahead without looking to right or left when once you have made up your mind we might well emulate. Your signally practical mind has made you the most efficient organizers in the world. The high standard of your scientific and practical research warrants close study. Thus, the young people whom we send over here have invaluable means to broaden their views and increase their knowledge. I hope that in return the students you send to our country are enabled to reap equal benefits through their stay in Sweden.

A regular tourist, in most cases, can get but a superficial knowledge of the people and of the country he visits. Not so the student. He goes abroad to study a special subject. He lives with the people of the country and obtains what may be called an inside view of their customs, their mode of living and their way of thinking. He will be able to appreciate their good qualities. He will duly notice the less good. But he will most certainly return to his own country with a real understanding, and, let us hope, an affection for the country where he has carried on his studies.

Personal intercourse between the individuals of two different nations I believe to be one of the best means to promote mutual understanding and to remove every possible cause for distrust or discussion. Much good in that direction has already been done by the American Scandinavian Foundation—not only through its scholarships, but also through that excellent publication of the organization, the *Scandinavian Review*, which so effectively and so accurately circulates information about our Northern countries, their art and literature.

I take this opportunity to express to the American Scandinavian Foundation my sincere appreciation of what it has done to promote better knowledge of Sweden in the United States, and to extend to the Trustees and members my best wishes for continuation of the success already achieved.

More power to your work for the mutual benefit of our two countries!

The Golden Circle

By MÄRTA AF SILLÉN

Translated from the Swedish by CHARLES WHARTON STORK

HE STOOD holding the letter in his hand. He did not, however, read it for a long time. Instead he gazed fixedly at the little, light, glittering object which lay in the folded sheet. It was a small bracelet, a woman's bracelet, one of those diminutive gold chains that one sees so often on the wrists of young girls, and that are not too insuperably dear for poor young men to buy.

He sat down and laid it on the table in an even circle, smoothing out all its irregularities with an almost pedantic exactitude. But still he could not get on with the letter. To be sure, he knew what was in it. The little gold hieroglyphic before him was enough, since for the initiate who knows how to interpret it a hieroglyphic may contain an extended meaning of great importance.

His thoughts went back to the time when he had given it to her. It was in the spring about two years and a half ago. So it was, for their romance, like so many others, had taken its beginning at that season and, as far as romance went, had not differed much from the average.

He had even been so banal as to propose in a park on a bench in a side arbor, where for the moment no promenaders were in sight. In the air there had been a feeling of spring, but no sign of it on the ground, except for the plucky snowdrops which peeped up from the black, damp soil.

It was the Northland's romance, as so often happens: a little shy, a little cool, filled with expectation and longing.

He could still see her clearly before him as she sat on the bench with sparkling eyes and little blue-chilled cheeks, for she had put on a new spring dress for him—the little idiot! But although she was freezing, she would not get up and go. She was warmed by an inner fire, like the trees, like the frost-bitten snowdrops.

So they had become secretly engaged, as secretly as possible. They were in no hurry to inform the world, and the world which would have known of it was not so very large and would not have thought it as unusual, as wonderful, as romantic as they themselves did.

It was to be an engagement of the protracted sort, long and patient as the Northland spring, long and patient as such an affair could be only in the North. He was to study and work, and then travel and study further. He felt sure of getting a scholarship. People had great hopes of him as an architect. He would some day build churches and palaces and beautify the city. As they walked through the streets

and across the squares, he showed her all that he wished to make over, and she on her part was all eyes, ears, and wonder. They would travel together, for travel was now his heart's desire, and hers too.

It was a week later that he had given her the bracelet. On that day it seemed that spring had come in earnest. As by a stroke of enchantment everything had begun to sprout, and the air was like wine.

It was again in the park that they met and there that he snapped the slender bracelet around her wrist. With that he suddenly took the notion of dragging her in to a goldsmith's and having him solder it together. Now the chain was shut and could not be opened. Neither could it be pulled off over her wrist, that he saw to carefully.

Afterwards they sat down on a bench. He drew off her glove to see how the gold chain looked, and kissed the place where her pulse beat.

Then he pointed to the bracelet and said, "Do you know what that is?"

"What it is? It's a bracelet, I should hope; a bracelet that I've got from a person I don't care about in the least."

"Yes, but it's something besides. It's a circle."

"Um—yes. To be sure. Well?"

"And what is a circle?"

"As far as I know it can't be anything else but a circle," she responded.

"It is a symbol of eternity. For the circle, as you see, has neither beginning nor end."

"Oh, and it's a golden circle too," she continued. "But we've all had a beginning, though, haven't we?"

"Yes, but then the circle was open. Now it's soldered."

"Listen to me, little one," he went on in a more earnest tone. "If you should ever regret our engagement—let us merely assume the possibility—if you should ever change your mind, just send this back and I shall understand. It would be a symbol, for you appreciate that in order to send it back you would have to destroy the circle, to break it by violence. Why should there be scenes and long explanations? I've always detested that sort of thing. This token will be sufficient. But it will also be irrevocable."

"Hark to what you're saying!" she had cried impetuously. "Such a thing is inconceivable. I know of course I might go to a goldsmith and say: 'Clip this off!' And then he'd take a pair of pincers, a pair of hard, brutal pincers. I can hear how it would sound. Clip!—Done!—Short, cold and brutal. So dreadful! You must admit that you don't believe any such thing ever would happen. You wouldn't dare—"

No, no, he wouldn't dare—of course not. And so they had laughed gaily together again. After that they had gone through the park arm in arm in the open light of day. And yet only a little while before

they had felt so terribly strange!

It was less than a year later that the accident had occurred in which she had strained her back.

First had come despair, terror that she would be taken from him—that she would become an invalid. Then when she grew better followed the glad assurance that she would recover entirely. The human mind is prone to see everything in extremes. The middle degree, which is neither black as night nor red as sunrise, then comes along stealthily, as gray and cold as winter twilight.

The doctors pronounced that she would not be an invalid. But they also informed him that neither would she ever be like a person in full health. She would never be able to work like others, never be strong enough to make severe journeys; she would always have to be treated carefully. Although—here they raised their shoulders—one could not be certain; remarkable things sometimes happen.

There was not cause enough for him to leave her—nor did he wish to. The vital, restless force that groaned within him he suppressed into silence. It was an unworthy, an inhuman impulse.

Lately, however, as he had sat by her bed and talked about the future—with a cheerfulness that was perhaps a bit constrained—she had smiled very sadly. It was at no castle in the air that she was looking, as he now knew, but at a gray granite house of reality, perhaps a lifelong sanatorium.

And now he was sitting there, staring at the bracelet. The gold circle lay before him—unbroken!

He unfolded the letter carefully and read. The contents were brief and simple: "Beloved! I am sending back herewith the bracelet you gave me, the irrevocable token!

"One has time to think in a year's illness. It was yesterday that the frightful struggle came upon me. All that was selfish in me screamed aloud and tried to drown what really loved you.

"At that moment I made a violent gesture with my hand. And—the gold circle slid over my wrist. There it lay on the sheet and glittered. I looked at it a long while, as at a miracle; then I looked at my hand. With that I understood. Illness has made my hand so thin—. Realize how it is then: no goldsmith has needed to clip with his hard pincers, but illness has made my hand so thin that the chain slipped off of itself. Dearest, I now send you back the gold circle—unbroken."

There followed several lines of thanks for the past and of wishes for a happy future for him. There were even a few sportive lines.

But he could hardly see to read them for the mist that came over his eyes. He could hear so plainly how she said: "And it's a golden circle, too."

Nocturne

By HANS E. KINCK

Translated from the Norwegian by BARENT TEN EYCK

A GRAY night late in the summer many, many years ago. A man sits in a little tar-caulked four-oar boat, rowing out the fjord against the wind. A bareheaded, shabby sort of fellow, with a little chin beard and farther up a frame of hair around the smoothshaven face, whose mouth slavers at one corner from a brown quid, and with little, blinking, pale-blue eyes. A saltwater fellow. Probably a boat builder boarding with a peasant, or something similar. A barrel lies in the after bulkhead, concealed by mast and sail. It is full of blanquettes. There has been no such abundance of these pears any year in the memory of people who live by the fjord. Blanquettes don't improve by lying on the ground, for they rot so soon, and it is best to gather them just before they turn yellow, which is exactly what he has done.

Somewhere in the neighborhood stands a fine old tree. Its trunk divides into two branches right down by the root, and it is so richly laden this year that the whole tree bows down, each branch in its own direction, and every day it gently splits a little more in the cleft between the branches, with a cracking of the bark and a gleaming through of white wood. So he has been harvesting two nights in succession, carrying sacksful down through the orchard to the boathouse and cautiously emptying the fruit into his barrel. Now on the third night he warily transfers the barrel to his four-oar boat, spreads the sail over it—unfastening it somewhat from the mast to make it reach farther—and shoves off. Of course it is necessary to do all this quietly. But if it happens that the tree doesn't exactly stand on his land what great difference can there be in a year when fruit is so plentiful! Nine miles farther out the fjord is a stopping place beyond this one, which the boat bound for town reaches in the small hours of the morning. He may know one of the sailors. As far as this he will have to row with the pears to-night.

But it blows and it howls. This time the day's sea breeze did not die down toward evening. Rather it has blown up a little stronger during the night, and veered round to the west too. This is more than ordinarily overcast weather—wind from the ocean! This is the ocean's wet, fog-laden wind. Rain is on the way.

Slowly and persistently the four-oar boat plods seaward, lifting and falling on the gray waves raised by the west wind. When the crest of one rears up too proudly, the stem smashes it all to white foam. One lone man rowing against the night and the weather. He works his

way on along the land, and the pair of blue eyes gazes calmly aft at the gray mass of stone he is leaving. His body bends forward and leans backward, as regularly as his breathing, the oars darting out to dip in long strokes while his freckled fists follow without a pause, firm as claws about the grips. The wind is even and steady, with hardly a gust. On all sides there is a rushing of waves, and about the headlands there is a breaking and crashing sea as they end their journey against the hard soil of Norway itself. House after house passes aft. Closed doors. People inside sleeping the heavy dreamless sleep of a rainy night. Little boat-houses on the beach. Four-oar boats lying on their sides at landing-places appear and are lost to view. You might think a whale was puffing forward—such a racket swoops down on the boat with the wind. A sloop is following aft in a series of tacks, lying low in the water. Seems to him he ought to know it. . . . He stays in close to the seaweed, and takes refuge in little inlets, any kind of a bend that affords a bit of shelter, working close up to crags which crush the waves to tractable foamy ripples for his boat. The blade of the landward oar scrapes bottom now and again. The white masses of rock gleam into the gray air. In between them rusty-green, lush grass growing right up to the wall of a house. Near one corner of it an ancient apple tree—the night breeze makes it turn out the silver shining sides of its leaves. There a newly washed Sunday shirt flaps giddily in the gray night. At a little tenant farm the indispensable big earthenware vessel smoulders yellow-brown and kindly through the dark. It is leaning up against the wall of the house since it is summer and one can just as easily go out of doors as not. There a flea-some winter bedcover of fur flutters from its pole out on the hillside, still enjoying a summer vacation, even as the hospitable earthen vessel. All the tenant farms and points of land come to view and then vanish . . . Hatlaness . . . Oldervik . . . Asketang . . . Gygrastolshamar . . . Otrestein. Distance is being covered by the strokes of these oars, regular as your breathing. As soon as he rows close up to Otrestein he'll set sail, for from here you can get across the fjord to the boat landing. There is a good rough sea out there. Yes, the fjord is kicking up pretty well.

Here in Otrevaag the rocky walls cast a dark shadow, and the water is calm. Right by Otrestein he draws in his oars, lifts the sail from the bulkhead, and slips the mast through the hole in the forward thwart, unfolds it, scrambles forward with the foresail, setting its sheet in place, raises the sprit, pulls out the mainsail sheet and draws it behind the cleat, winding it tight. A white new patch gleams high up near the mast. He'll have to row a little beneath the sail until he gets free of these troublesome back eddies of wind in by the crags. The mainsail flaps softly, and the foresail lies back, but he rows.

A white seamew flutters above an animal over on the stone which

lies devouring something that wriggles and beats the air with its tail. That's odd! He must have been in the Otrevaag man's salmon net, stealing. And the Otrevaag man has no idea that the otter is like that—going into your salmon net. And no doubt a fox is lurking about the beach here, on the lookout for fish. The otter drops the fish—probably scared by the boat. It glitters silvery in the dark. And the fox gets it! He's probably not so shy as the otter, or perhaps the other is already full.

"Ho!" he yells. "Drop it, you thief!"

Now he has caught the wind. He draws in the oars, keeping one in his fist to steer with. The four-oar boat heels over. "Caw-caw!" says the mainsail with a sound like the cry of a crow. There is a purling and a gurgling from the hollow streak that follows his oar. "Caw-caw!" He lets out the sheet a little to ease things and then grabs it fast, fairly hanging on to steady it until the boat gets well under way and the wind stops taking it out of the sail so. Yes, he ought to have set a patch in its lower corner too. He cautiously pulls the sheet in again, tentatively. "Caw-caw!" Lets it out again a little to save the sail. Meanwhile he smiles to himself at the thought of the animals. "Hawk beats hawk" he has heard as an old proverb, but never "Fox beats otter." Yes, indeed, there can be funny goings on when it's a question of getting your livelihood, you know. . .

Here comes the sloop plunging ahead, sweeping the water before it, lying so erect and steady in the waves, but heavily laden, right down to the bulwarks. It is Mikjel Tuften's stone-carrying sloop from farther in the fjord. A head is visible as he sits dozing behind the leaky blue-painted bulwark. That fellow Mikjel often travels alone. Now she is taking a new tack right here under Otrestein. But she is reluctant in coming about, loaded down as she is.

"Caw-caw!" . . . How will he ever get across the fjord with such a sail! . . . And he bears down on the sloop, clattering up against it just as the man on board is ready with the sails, and addresses the flame red head behind the bulwark—a short neck connects it with ponderous shoulders that stoop over, giving the effect of an angry, snarling poodle, thick and bristling around the neck.

"Want to buy some blanquettes, Mikjel?" he says, and casts a line about the after shroud.

"How many?"

"A barrel."

"What'll you take?"

"Seven ort."

"Come along with it!"

The barrel is pulled aboard. He hands over one daler. But immediately he casts the four-oar's line loose.

"Have you been in the doctor's garden?"

The man in the boat gets up boiling with rage. "What the devil . . ."

The man on the sloop is yelping at him like a dog. "Then why do you come rowing out here in such weather?"

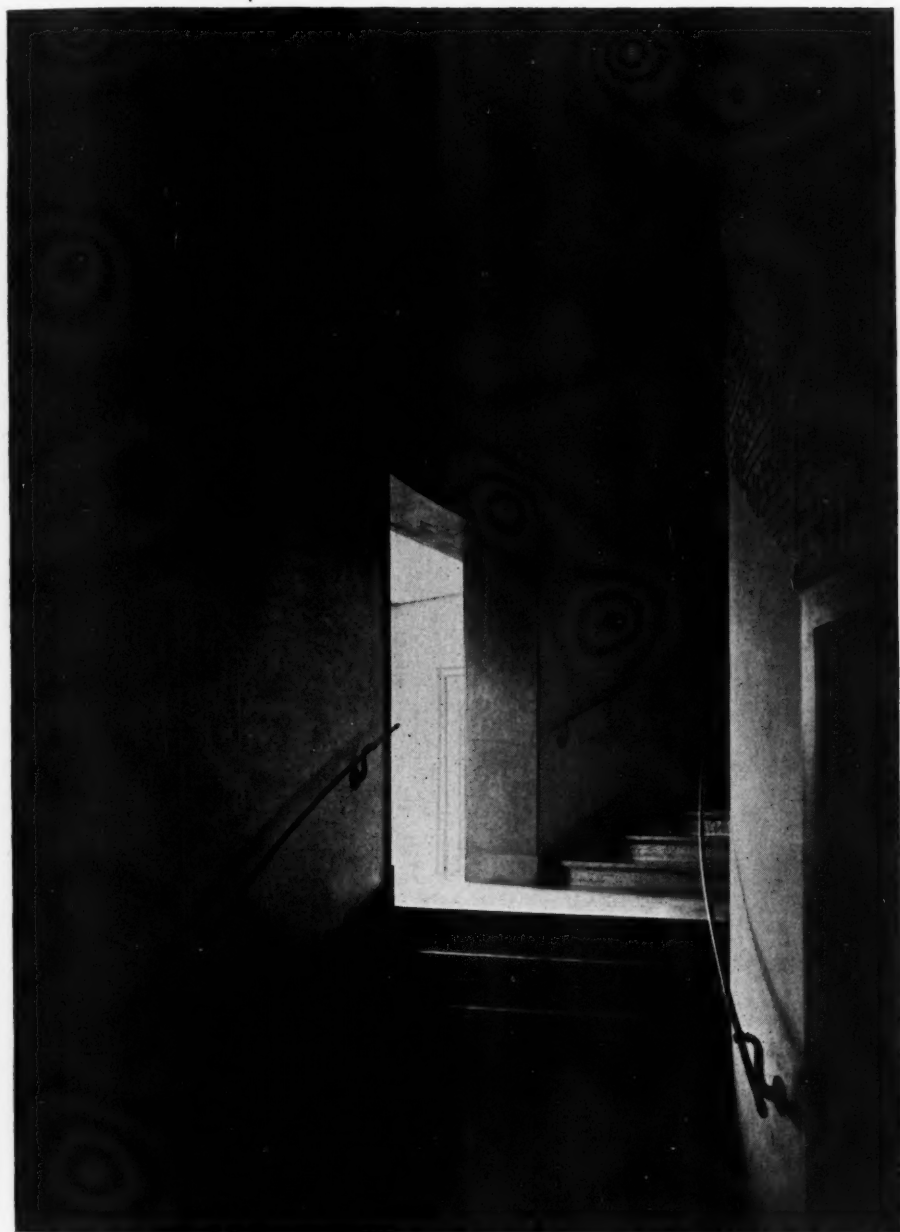
"Six and a half!" he shouts, reaching out his hand. No answer from behind the bulwark. "Six!" he shouts at that. "Five and a half!" No answer. And the man in the boat drops down on the thwart and rows beneath the sail with quick, splashing strokes. But the head back of the bulwark glides away from him and stands fiery red against the light gray curtain of rain, which is moving out the valley to the south somewhere.

"Give me the empty barrel back anyway!" he screams.

For it is an impossibility for a four-oar boat to overtake even such an excuse for a sloop when it has once got a start. She lumbers spluttering and purling off into the foggy night, like a drenched he-bear. "Caw-caw!" He puts down the steering oar and puts about abruptly. On the way back he runs down wind with mainsail ballooning out—now it is not so hard on the rotten cloth—flying like a goosander over the dancing tops of the waves. A bareheaded shabby sort of fellow with a pale, dead-tired gleam in his eye as he calls to mind the fox and the otter. Yes indeed, there can be funny goings on, you know, when it is a question of getting hold of a little bit of cash! . . . He is gone in the rainy gray late summer night.

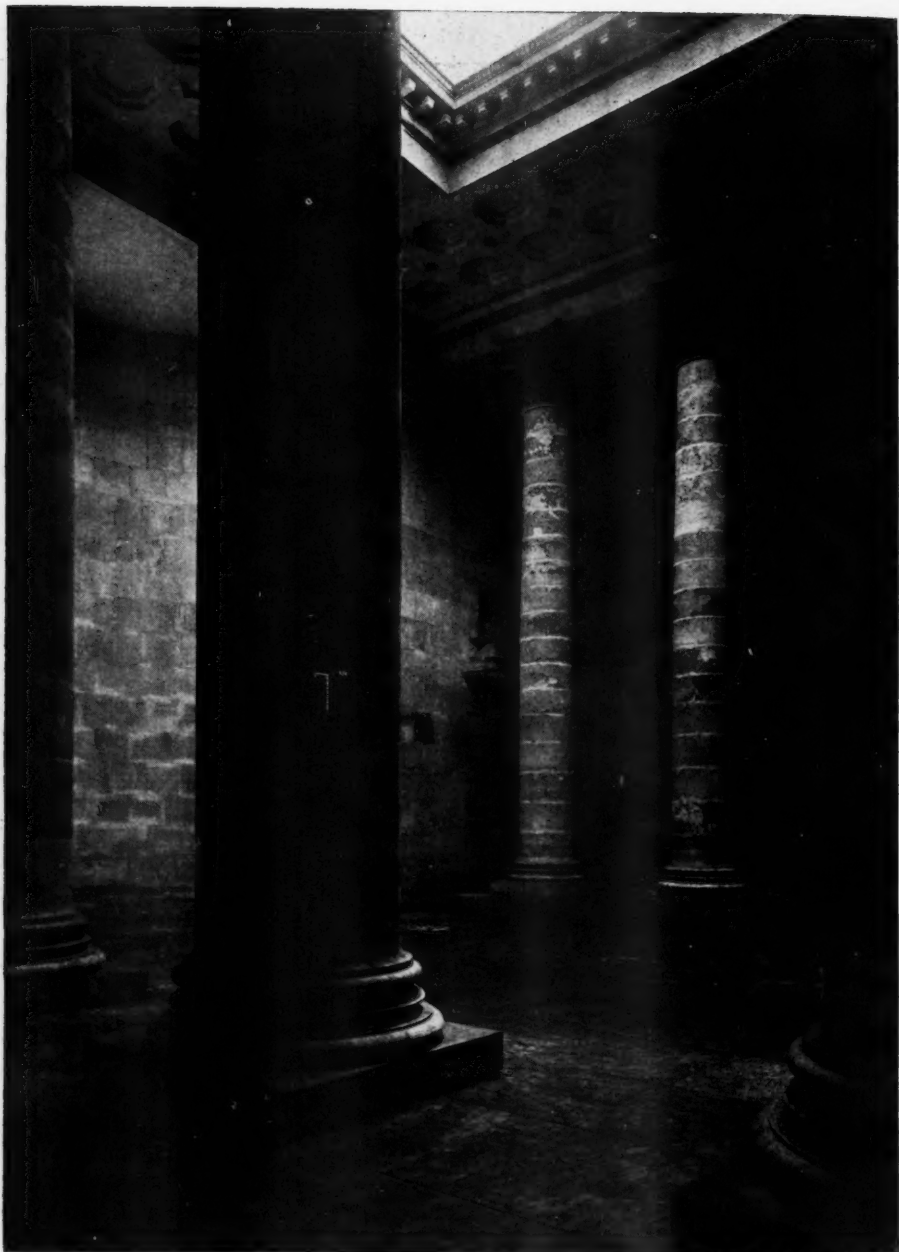
The wind and storm continue. These are not clouds swarming along. Only tranquil, damp, rainy mist that works its way in close to both rocky sides of the fjord, clinging tight, fills all the dales, follows the land closely, in the inlets and out at the points, sinks down over the hillsides, reaches the pine woods, settles over peoples' houses, bringing darkness. And the rusty-green breaks between the crags grow almost black, as the pine wood was, with shadow and night. Now the blanket of mist has gotten down to the beach and hides all the fjord's houses with the saltwater people who sleep inside without dreaming. Look out, there was the first drop! No sir, now it won't be long in coming. . .

Politigaarden, Copenhagen



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A STAIRWAY IN THE NEW POLICE HEADQUARTERS OF COPENHAGEN BUILT BY STATE AND MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES. PROFESSOR HACK KAMPMANN, ARCHITECT



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A CORNER OF THE OPEN SQUARE COURT IN THE NEW COPENHAGEN POLICE HEADQUARTERS



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The King of Lapland

A Letter to the Review

By HENRY GODDARD LEACH

“**D**R. HJALMAR LUNDBOHM, Kiruna, Sweden.” The April number of the *AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW* bearing this address was returned to New York, and on the back was printed, with the meticulous care of the Swedish postal officials, three words: “Departed. Deceased. Dead.”

The date stamped by the Kiruna postoffice was April 11, 1926. Why April 11? That day, the Sunday after Easter, found all dwellers in Lapland, and particularly in Kiruna, its chief town, in a state of mourning. The special train bearing the body of their uncrowned king, their beloved chieftain, who had founded the mining town of Kiruna where there were but a few Finnish huts on the bleak plain of Lapland in 1898, was on the way north a day and two nights from Stockholm. Their leader had died the morning of Easter Day, far in the south of Sweden. On Saturday his bier had been loaned to Stockholm, where the elect of the nation, including the Crown Prince, acting as Regent in the absence of the King from the country, had gathered in the Church of Hedwig Eleonora to bid him farewell. A delegation from Lapland had gone south to Stockholm to meet him. Lapland's own bishop had preached, and there was no more sincere mourner than the little old Lapp woman, lame and wizened, who hobbled after the bier and followed it on the long journey north to Kiruna.

At eight o'clock on Monday morning the twelfth of April a silent crowd received their friend and leader and carried his body to the church of Kiruna, where for two hours and a half the people of the Swedish wilderness passed by the bier. They included his old engineer comrades, miners from Kirunavaara Mountain, Finns from Jukkasjärvi, Lapps from their wigwams on Lake Torneträsk.

Old Johan Turi, wolf-slayer and historian of the Lapps, was there to represent the Little Folk of the Arctic, to salute the dear “Tisponenti,” “the papa of the Lapps.” Lundbohm would counsel Turi no more nor listen to his story when the old Lapp brought to him samples of worthless stones picked up on the wastes in the hope that they might indicate undiscovered deposits of iron or gold.

A glamour of gladness seemed to relieve the general sorrow. The life of Lapland's uncrowned king had been radiated with gladness. Now Lapland had him back again forever. Outside the church the snow sparkled in unusual sunlight, and inside the very flowers were gay, and Prince Eugen's altar painting, a rich summer landscape, smiled a cheering benediction on the bishop's sermon. The speakers

addressed Hjalmar in the second person. Christians spoke to his soul; agnostics appealed to the continuance of his unquenchable spirit scattered among us, his friends. In the afternoon the procession of sledges moved past his old home, where his treasures of art had been locked up during the five years since he left Kiruna; and so on to the grave. Lapland's king rests in Lappish earth.

Hjalmar Lundbohm was not an eccentric nor a genius. That is one limit which will help us in understanding his complex personality. He was a complete man, one in whom the stoic and the hedonist were perfectly balanced. Anders Zorn, the painter, pointed this out to me one evening in Prince Eugen's palace in Stockholm. It was

1919, the year before Hjalmar Lundbohm resigned from mining and Zorn painted earth's last picture. We had spent the evening in a company of artists and had retired to Prince Eugen's to see his collections. The King of Lapland, his hands in his trousers, his legs astride, was standing in front of the "Satyr of the Waterfall," that strange painting by the mad artist Josephsson, examining it quizzically for the hundredth time, brooding over its technique and symbolism. Zorn, who was sitting dreamily by the window, beckoned me over to him. As I stooped, he murmured, "Lundbohm—I love him; not an artist, you understand, but a complete human being."

Yes, the young man who won the post of State Geologist of Sweden, the organizer who developed the iron industry of Lapland with its electric railroads and its fleet carrying iron ore to every nation, the quiet friend who found the hearts of the shy Lapps and admired their culture and brought Swedish education to their wigwams instead of forcing them to leave their reindeer and take up agriculture, who assembled about him in his hospitable home in Kiruna the painters and the sculptors and the poets of Sweden to take inspiration from



HJALMAR LUNDBOHM, FROM A PAINTING BY CARL WILHELMSON

a receding primitive civilization, who brought scientists up to the arctic to make records of flora and fauna before they were swept away by the swift tide of industry, the social worker who built a city devoted not to laziness but yet not at all to drudgery, a community insisting on the joy of living even in the humblest home, a leader who served not only as director, but as friend, physician, and priest to the community depending upon his leadership,—he was not a prophet of a new formula of life, but a complete human being.

The communist could dismiss him with a sneer as "a paternalistic patriarch," the tory could accuse him of communism. But the boys of Kiruna who amuse themselves in summer vacations by organizing volunteer street-cleaning brigades know that he was just a great big boy like themselves who believed that even the most strenuous life ought to be a sport full of music and color and affection. One law for one kind of human beings, another for another, and all laws based on changing experience rather than fixed formulas. Lundbohm soon found that the Lapps were not adapted to work in the mines at all.



DR. LUNDBOHM AS DRAWN BY ALBERT ENGSTRÖM

Their world is the migrating reindeer, and he helped them to enrich their nomadic lives and enjoy their own peculiar culture. For the Swedish engineers on the other hand he insisted on the rigorous work-hours of the Nordics. With the Finns again he compromised. He neither called them shiftless nor imposed an iron despotism; he took them as he found them and allowed them to choose their own hours for work in the iron mountain. They came and went, sometimes

at midday, sometimes at midnight, and received their pay according to what they produced.

My first contact with Hjalmar was in 1913 in his executive office in Stockholm when he presented me with an autographed copy of *Muittalus Samid Birra*, the account of the Lapps written at his order by Johan Turi the Lapp. This volume I hold in my hand to-day bound in the skin of some great deep-sea fish which Hjalmar six years later had dried and presented to the Leaches. Later that summer in Hjalmar's study in Kiruna I met the author, the smiling, grizzled, leathery wolf-slayer, and he wrote in Lappish script on the title page this tribute to Hjalmar, now translated and published for the first time:

"It makes me happy that people, even those of culture, seem to like the book I have written; and it seems that foreigners have even greater comprehension of the work I have put upon this book,—strange to say. We used to meet in the lodgings of Kiruna's disponent as guests of Disponent Hjalmar Lundbohm. I am pleased, and grateful to the Disponent, for he has shown me so many acts of kindness that I shall always look upon him as a dear father (and such has he always been). Therefore, I can but wish him a long life,—and the same to all his friends. In this work, I have not wronged the Lapps, and yet most of them are nevertheless cold towards me on account of this book; but just the same, I have in mind another book about the Lapps."

During the war Hjalmar returned my call in America and became a loyal friend to our household. My wife's files are rich in mellow, fatherly letters from Hjalmar. He had been delegated by Sweden to save from starvation his country, a neutral ground between the millstones of the belligerents. During this visit his generosity made him the largest single contributor to the memorial to John Ericsson dedicated in Washington this May by the Crown Prince of Sweden.

In 1919 he entertained us in Stockholm and that summer we occupied the guest rooms he had constructed for the Crown Prince and Crown Princess in a wing of his rambling headquarters at Kiruna. That same summer we cruised with him in the Lofoten Islands and again, later, a thousand miles to the south off the west coast of Sweden, where he took the helm in his oil skins, looking like the Ancient Mariner.

Here is an episode from that summer at Kiruna,—science this time instead of art. Let it epitomize the pile of scientific books on my desk, of which Hjalmar was patron. We were sitting on his porch at midnight, drinking the hourly round of Swedish coffee and enjoying the bright violet light of the Northern summer night. There were as usual many guests conversing in low tones. I became aware of a peculiar noise, the breaking of twigs out in the garden, and suddenly a human figure emerged crawling rapidly on all fours. "Who is

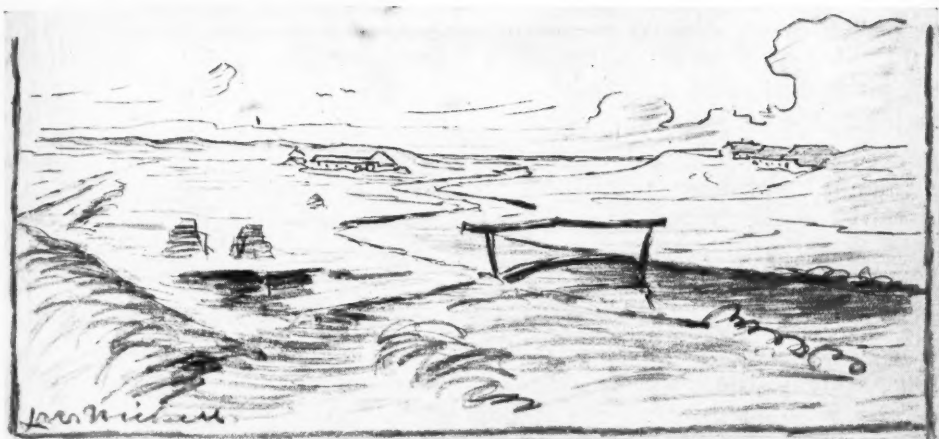
that?" I asked Hjalmar. "Oh," he replied quietly, "that is Professor So-and-So, the entomologist, who came up from Stockholm this morning but has not had time to meet you yet. He is studying the habits of a little bug which we are afraid will become extinct in a year or two. He will probably write a book about it before it is too late." With that the scientist again plunged into the foliage pursuing his insect.

Politics alone failed to interest Hjalmar. "Stupid," he called them,—“the perpetual parliament of fools.”

In 1920 again he was our host in Stockholm; and in November, 1925, a few weeks before the end, he received us in his sanitarium. Even here vintages of the south countries were placed before his American friends. The king of Lapland held fête for the last time. Prince Eugen had just paid him a visit, and Albert Engström was to spend the next weekend with him. Life and death were discussed and above all the fine arts. He had passed his seventieth birthday. "I do not understand the meaning of age," he told me. "I feel as young as I did at seventeen." He stood between the tracks as our train drew away, waving his hand with difficulty but gaily as my wife waved her scarf from the window.

*Lapland's uncrowned king—from dwellings reindeer-nourished
Smoke swirls skyward, lifts your title, Tisponenti.
Where the sagas spin themselves, away in the Northland—
Mountains with metal tremble, or silenced they sing in the darkness—
You guard the purse of the people, planning, performing in quiet,
Poet's friend and painter's, their Maecenas often.
Fairies kept your cradle, gave you joy-in-beauty.
Sure as any sage with hands in trouser pockets,
Walking, slyly blinking 'neath your eye-lid curtains.
Stroking your red, red beard to smile at human folly,
Smiling with understanding twinkle, for gods give folly.
Luther one time learned, when life had laughed in its fullness,
Women, wine, and song one ought to adore in gladness,—
—You're a Lutheran born, I bow my tousled topknot.*

(Swedish hexameters by Matte Schmidt.
English translation by James Creese).



"GREY DUNE AND DARK HEATH"

In the Dunes

By THOMAS OLESEN LÖKKEN

Translated from the Danish by MINNA WRESCHNER

With Drawings by LARS NIELSEN

OUT WEST where the grey dune and the dark heath stretch for miles in utter solitude, there is a hollow which begins where the cultivated land ends, and runs through the desolate tract down toward the sea. In the deep of this hollow there is a brook; it runs slowly past the turf-pits up above, winds in and out among the small sandhills farther down, nestles in the scant green meadows, and with a low and mysterious murmur, breaks its way beneath declining bluffs, through the dune, and finally spreads like a fan over the flat beach toward the surf.

Near the brook, where it enters the sea, lies an old farm called the "Damgaard" (farm by the pond), which derives its name from a marshy, damp hollow between the brook and the farm. The house is sheltered from the sea-fog and the sharp winds by sand-swept dunes, and the brook lends the surrounding fields their moist growth.

Toward the north, the country leads gradually into a hilly section, and halfway up lies another farm, called the "Sandgaard" (Sandy farm). These two houses are the only neighbors. The Sandgaard does not bear its name in vain: the greater part of the property consists of dune and heath, and the struggle for daily bread has many a time been a hard one for the inhabitants of this farm. But the folks in the Damgaard are comfortably off; they have always sufficient corn and grass, even in dry summers, when the fields of the Sandgaard are a pitiful waste of sandy white.

Down in the Damgaard farm lived Jens Damgaard with his wife and their only child, a daughter. Jens, born on the farm, himself an only child, had married late in life, and was a quiet man of few words. He had become silent through solitude; from childhood he was accustomed to follow his own mind, and there was something stiff and unbending about him. He seldom relaxed. His personality dominated the house, and if his wife and daughter did not exactly find it oppressive it was perhaps because they were used to it and had accepted it. But the farmers of the dune, when they came to borrow money, would approach him humbly with downcast eyes as if bowed down under a heavy burden; his forbidding manner and silence made them uncomfortable. The very way in which he looked at one, with his deep-set eyes below bushy brows, was enough to make a man tremble.

On the Sandgaard farm they had no money to lend; their wealth, if any, consisted in children: there were six sons and half a dozen daughters, as Povl Sandgaard used to say—this was his way of making distinction between the sexes. The boys could manage for themselves, but not so the girls—that was quite another matter.

Povl Sandgaard was more talkative than his neighbor. He was bound to be, because there were so many to ask questions, and an answer was necessary to satisfy these chatterboxes. He was a jolly, jovial man, a bit hasty, and would at times use strong words, but he soon forgot his anger—a custom that was not usual so far west.

For twenty years these two men had been neighbors and had passed many a winter evening in each other's company. Whenever Jens Damgaard became gloomy and thoughtful, he used to go over to the Sandgaards; there he would be seated at the long table among Povl's happy family, while talk and laughter mingled, and he would often think, "What is it all about, anyhow? Nothing!" He did not understand why, yet when he left he was like another person. Everything was so simple, so easy; his worries were swept away, and so was his fear of what the future might have in store. When he had his moody days, his wife would say to him, "Jens, why don't you go over to Sandgaard?" Whereupon he would get vexed and leave the room without answering, but a little later he would go over nevertheless.

Whenever Povl, who mixed more with other people than Jens Damgaard, met some interesting incident on his way, or needed good advice, he would go down to Jens Damgaard; there again it was Povl who did the talking, while Jens Damgaard's words were few. Perhaps they were of more importance, Povl often thought on his way home, for he always felt he had learned something from talking to Jens. Yet with a surprised chuckle he would realize that it was himself who had done the talking and Jens who had listened.

These two men, who heretofore had been like brothers, had a falling out. How it happened is hard to explain, because it began with a mere trifle, such as nobody pays heed to. Probably the Sandgaard boys said something in their flippant way that offended Jens Damgaard. He mentioned it to them long after they had forgotten all about it, and they laughed and wondered that he remembered such a little thing. But the incident had left its sting. Jens got the idea into his head that they didn't show him proper respect. Perhaps it was the old people who put them up to it, these brazen boys! He could not help thinking of all the instances when the Sandgaards had got the better end of the game. One thing that particularly annoyed him was when the neighbor's cattle broke loose after the corn was taken in, for it was always his grass on the green slopes by the brook that suffered.

It was in the middle of the harvest that it came to an open break between them. On account of the busy time, they met less frequently, but messages were carried daily between the two farms, impertinent words, in which game the shepherd boys took a more active part than the old people. Jens Damgaard became more and more embittered as the days passed.

One day, a cow from the Sandgaard farm had broken loose and strayed into Jens Damgaard's field. Jens watched the animal for a long time, but nobody called for it. At last, giving way to his anger, he ordered one of his farm-hands to put the cow in his own stable and go over to the Sandgaard farm to inform his neighbor. One of Povl's sons returned with the man to fetch the cow, bringing with him the money to release her. Jens Damgaard looked at the boy, trembling with anger and clenching his fist ready to strike this youth who stood before him totally unconscious of any wrong-doing. He accepted the money, and war was declared.

In this conflict between the two men, Jens Damgaard was conscious that the Sandgaards had the sympathy of the parish on their side, and this feeling grew stronger as time passed. He surrounded himself and his family with gloomy silence, which gave a sense of discomfort to those who visited him. But the Sandgaard family, large and quick-witted, was anything but silent. Many stories and jokes aimed at Jens Damgaard were disseminated by them, and the gossipers, old women who came to fetch milk at the Damgaard, made sure to deliver the messages to the proper party. To be sure, they felt great respect for Jens Damgaard—that feeling was natural, yet they loved Povl Sandgaard and enjoyed a little malicious joke at the other's expense, so long as they themselves were only impartial spectators.

Later in the summer Jens Damgaard again locked up a cow that had strayed into his pasture; but this time Povl Sandgaard was

angry. He took one of his finest cows and sold her to enable him to pay back the money he owed his neighbor. Jens Damgaard, realizing that Povl had sold his cow at a sacrifice, knew now that the situation was grave and that the battle had to be fought to the bitter end.

The one who suffered most was Jens Damgaard; he went about in silence and brooded over the affair. He had already noticed that his daughter and the eldest Sandgaard boy were fond of each other, and one day he told her that he would not allow this to go on. Someone intimated to him that the Sandgaard people said it would be easy to take the daughter from him, and he resolved to punish such presumption.

Fall arrived, with its storms and dark nights, and the inhabitants of the dune were stealthily combing the shore for the wreckage of the sea. The blacker the night, the better for their purpose. They merely appropriated what was washed ashore, to supply their needs—nobody considered that robbery. It was an old custom, and they simply evaded the law that extended its greedy arm everywhere.

One morning, a few hours before dawn, Jens Damgaard had gone down to the beach. Where the brook flowed into the sea he saw some barrels, rolling in the surf, while others lay farther up on the beach. It looked as if they contained cart-grease or some other lubricant. One barrel had rolled away along the edge of the brook, and by looking closely, he could follow its course. Behind the dunes farthest up the coast, it had been put on a wheel-barrow, the traces of the wheels were still evident on the sand, and could be traced on the sunken road alongside the brook. Even through the heather and up the winding path across the heath, they were easily discerned, due to the fact that there had been a white frost in the early morning.

The tracks were fresh, and Jens followed them to the Sandgaard barndoor. Having satisfied himself on this point, he turned around and went home, ate his breakfast, and made his usual round in the stables. Then he reported the case to the coast-guard.

The officer looked at him gravely. He knew of the quarrel between the two men, and knew also that ill will leads to many things. So he said dryly, "He is one of our best known men. Can you see the case through?"

Jens Damgaard looked vexed and said in a firm voice, "I have never yet gone back on anything I have said. I am reporting this case of theft, it is now for you to do the rest."

The officer returned the other's gaze and said decisively. "No, you have brought the complaint: we must have evidence. You know Povl Sandgaard will have all the people of the district on his side."

Jens Damgaard got up abruptly and exclaimed sharply, "When I report it, it is true. If you don't want to take the matter up, I'll

go to the Judge." The officer looked at him, shrugged his shoulders, moved nervously back and forth in his chair, and said in a sharp tone, influenced by the other's brusque manner, "Since you insist, it shall be attended to."

There had recently been some very serious cases of beach combing, and the Judge took this opportunity to proceed severely; someone had to be punished in order to make others respect the law. Povl Sandgaard was called, but to charge him with this offense was not so easy as they had expected. Povl's quick repartee had entirely subsided; he remained silent, letting the others do the talking. The matter seemed at a standstill, and it looked as if the charge would be dropped.

However, Jens Damgaard did not give up. He went himself to see the Judge, and as a result, the Judge on the following day drove all the way to the Damgaard farm and took Jens with him over to the Sandgaard. The sheriff and a policeman accompanied them.

It was like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky when the carriage with the strangers drove into the Sandgaard farm-yard. Povl came out and greeted the officers of the law with all due respect. His face was flushed from excitement over this unexpected visit, but when he saw Jens Damgaard he turned so white that the Judge thought he would faint. Povl did not faint however. He ground his teeth so that everybody around heard it, but that was the only sound he made. He felt that if he yielded to his anger, it would go hard with Jens, he might kill him unless some one intervened. He did not want to give those watching him the satisfaction of seeing him lose control of himself; therefore, he curbed his anger, assuming an air of contempt and remained silent, but his eyes did not leave Jens Damgaard.

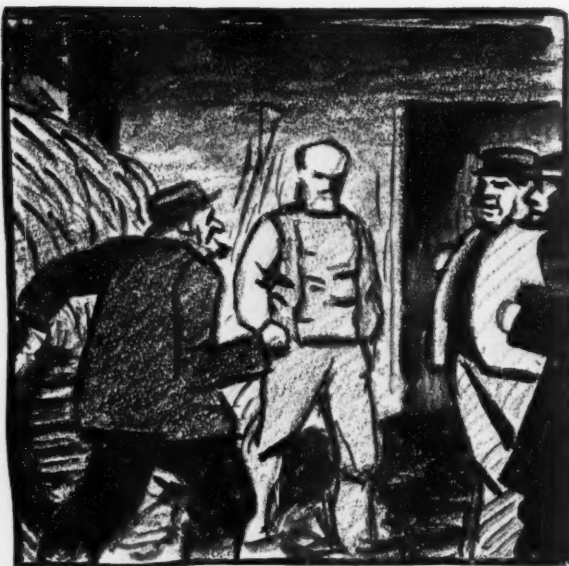
As Povl Sandgaard still maintained his silence, the officers of the law decided to investigate for themselves. They made a hurried examination of the barn and the outhouse, returning by way of the barn; they moved and turned the straw pile; they searched a long time, but found nothing. Povl followed them closely as a shadow. At last the sheriff suggested that the search be abandoned.

The silence was terrible.

The Judge became impatient and, suddenly turning to Jens Damgaard, said angrily, "My dear man, are you well informed in the matter? Isn't it a case of false alarm?"

Jens Damgaard, who felt Povl's piercing eyes upon him, became angry. He thought they took the matter too lightly, and his voice trembled, as he said, "Let us go through the barn once more."

So they searched the barn again. Jens looked at the bundles of straw that were stored there and felt sure that behind one of them the barrel was hidden. He poked at some bunches, and one seemed



"THERE LAY THE BARREL"

to be loose; he pulled harder, became excited, and with a jerk hauled out a barrel similar to those he had seen lying on the beach. All peered into the darkness talking and shouting, when suddenly they paused in surprise—Sure enough, there lay the barrel, covered with sand and still damp from the sea—Jens Damgaard was right after all!

Povl Sandgaard bore up like a man; only one word escaped him: "Judas," he growled like an animal that snarls with

clenched teeth before the whip. Otherwise he remained silent and calm until the men had left the farm.

The case against Povl now took its regular course. After a few court hearings, he was sentenced to two weeks' prison; Jens Damgaard felt that he had won and made an end of his trouble. He hoped to regain his peace of mind, but he soon found that he was mistaken, and he was painfully surprised at himself. He brooded over this until his mind was a confusion of gloomy thoughts, and he would groan and say, "I have done right, I have done right." But what puzzled him most was the fact that a doubt, indefinable and gnawing, still remained in his heart, gradually undermining him—a feeling that he could not cast aside however hard he tried.

There were also other reasons why he could not forget. In many ways he was given to understand by the people of the dune, in an indirect, yet unmistakable manner, that they thought he had done a very mean thing—as if everybody did not appropriate the wreckage on the beach! Not, of course, Jens Damgaard,—he was rich and moreover had no sons to help him. This made Jens realize that he had better stay home after dark, there at least he was safe. Whenever he reached this point in his thoughts, the incident at the Sandgaard farm stood clear before him; he remembered Povl's pale face, his fixed glare and his bitter "Judas!" He tried to banish this unpleasant scene, but found himself thinking of it early and late.

His wife had been feeble for many years; it was difficult for her to go about, and the only people she used to visit were the Sandgaards. The enmity between the men hurt her so that she broke down

completely; during the winter she was taken very ill, and when spring came she died. Jens Damgaard gave her a fine funeral. All the people of the dune followed her to the grave; only the Sandgaards were not there. The weather being mild, the mourners walked up and down in front of the house, waiting to be called in for the repast which was to follow, and Jens noticed that many gazed northward over the hill, toward the Sandgaards, to see whether they were not coming. The repast was delayed, it looked as if they were waiting for somebody, and finally the meal passed in silence; it was as though a weight were pressing down upon them. Jens Damgaard felt this as an affront against him, and it made him bitter to think that he was lonesome in his own house and among his own guests, who were all neighbors and old acquaintances.

This feeling of loneliness increased as time went on. People who met him saluted him with too much respect; they spoke only a few words to him, and continued their way. It struck him one day forcibly that he was on the point of being entirely isolated. It hurt him to see people turn their backs on him, and with a shudder he thought of the day when he would see no friendly faces around him. Even his daughter was afraid of him; when he spoke to her, she looked away and answered him with secret fear in her voice, as if her heart were full of apprehension.

One evening in spring, when returning from a walk, he heard someone slinking behind the house. He hastened his steps and saw that it was the eldest Sandgaard boy, but before Jens had a chance to speak to him, he ran off. The blood rushed to his head as if to choke him, and he whispered hoarsely: "Scoundrel, so you're still sneaking round." A violent anger, stronger than ever before, seized him against these Sandgaard people who were the cause of all his misery.

He staggered into the house to find his daughter, but she had already gone to her room. "Light the lamp," he shouted, "and let me look at you."

She groped around a long time before she lit the lamp, and he could see that she had been crying but now stopped, full of fear. His wounded pride, his outraged dignity, his sorrow over his wife's death, and his grief over the loss of his friend wrung from him a cry.

"You weep for this pup from the Sandgaard," he cried in rage, "this boy whose father looks down on us without reason, this beggar whose only riches are his venomous tongue. If ever again I lay eyes on the boy near my house, I'll beat him so he'll have to be carried home."

His daughter barely heard him. She did not understand why all this had come upon them; she only saw her father's angry face

which seemed so terrible because he was an old man. But she heard the harsh words spoken against the one she loved, and she wept.

The days went by, it was now late in summer. Jens Damgaard watched his daughter as cunningly and closely as he could. Often he found her weeping, and at such times his anger flared up in him, and he would exclaim scornfully: "You weep for this Sandgaard boy, are you not ashamed, it is a disgrace—a boy whose father has been in prison!"

In this way time passed; the daughter languished; she looked pale and frightened and there was never a smile on her face. But her father hardened himself, he did not want to see it. One day in early fall, when they had again had words on the same subject, the daughter collapsed with a scream, and Jens left her lying there, while he went out for a drive and did not come back till after dark. He unharnessed his horse and went into the house, but his daughter did not come to meet him. Then he went to her room and called her, but nobody answered. The house was empty; all was silence, and it overwhelmed him; a sudden fright overcame him, and he went outside where he found one of the farm-hands in the stable. His voice trembled, as he asked, "Where is my daughter, where did she go?"

The man started and turned his face away. "She went westward," he answered slowly, "she didn't say where she was going. She looked sick."

The old man went back into the house and lit the lamp. He sat down, then jumped up again, and walked the floor, uneasy, wondering where she could have gone. Perhaps to a meeting with the Sandgaard boy? No, he knew she had not done that, his power over her was too strong. He took the lamp and went into her room. Perhaps she had returned without his hearing.

No, she was not there. He lifted the lamp so that the light fell all around the little room, when suddenly he discovered a piece of paper on the table and seized it quickly. It was her writing, and he read the note still standing.

"Goodbye, dear father, I am going down to the pool in the brook" What was this? He felt something like a blow inside his head, a hard thump that made him knock the lamp against the table, as he nearly fell over. He wanted to read more, but his hand shook so that he could not see anything. He drew a deep breath, tried to be calm, but he trembled again and there was a mist before his eyes; he bent over the table, leaning heavily against it, and he could hear himself breathe in the deep silence. Then he continued reading: "Goodbye, dear father, I am going down to the big pool, I cannot bear living any longer. Forgive me, forgive" All of a sudden he could read no further, the words were blotted out, the letters were large and unsteady as if written by one in fever.



"GRASPED HIM BY BOTH SHOULDERS"

Jens Damgard picked up the lamp and went back in to the living room. He groped around for a moment, found his cane, blew out the lamp, and walked westward without telling anybody. The farmhand saw him leaving, and it struck the man how old and bent his master looked, bowed down like the storm-tossed trees in the garden.

Jens Damgaard went westward to the big pool. It was situated in a curve of the brook, inside the farthest dune, and was

very deep. It was about a quarter of an hour's walk through heath and dune, but he was familiar with the road and proceeded without hesitancy despite the darkness. The thoughts rushed through his head in dim confusion, while he tried to find a way out, a solution so that no disaster might happen. But all ended in a whirl of painful thoughts, one desperate wish, and he begged for mercy. Suddenly in the midst of this bewilderment a picture rose before him in frightful clearness: he saw his daughter, as he had found her in the kitchen when he had returned home that day; she was sitting at the long table, resting her head on her crossed arms, sobbing so that her back quivered and her shoulders shook. The picture disappeared, and he tried once more to think calmly, but again it rose before him. He pushed it aside violently, he wanted to find a way out. Why should this have happened? Then, and not till then, he reproached himself for his attitude toward the Sandgaard people,—yet the picture still persisted like a vision: he saw the slight trembling of the girl which increased until her whole body shook convulsively, and he could think no further.

The dark night enveloped the heath and the gray dune, the roaring of the sea filled the air about him; there was a gentle wind toward the east, whispering in the heather and the lonely bog myrtle. But even in this intense dark he recognized every road and path, for these he had crossed many times through a long life. Before realizing it, he was running, tumbling over the rough ground. He continued in this manner till he came to the dunes, and then he heard a scream. He stopped and listened, his heart trembled until he realized that it was the shriek of a bird or an animal. Then he went on as in a fever,

as if walking in his sleep, and it was as though fate guided his feet, step by step. An irresistible force led him on to utter distress. All about him became unreal; he did not hear the sea, did not notice the blackness of the night, neither did he feel the heather that entangled his legs—one thing only existed, his daughter, two trembling shoulders, a broken form, convulsed in tears.

He now walked the last few steps toward the big pool. There he saw his daughter sitting on the slope by the deep water. In spite of the darkness, his old eyes could see that she was resting her elbows on her knees, her head in her hands, exactly as she had appeared before him.

The old man stopped quietly at her side. He felt like a child, as he put aside his whole life's experience, and forgot it. All vanished. To him mattered but one thing, his little girl, and he lifted her up in his arms, while she sobbed: "It is so hard, father. It was all so very hard, I wanted to die, but could not do it. I love him so much, and you too, and everything, and that makes it hard to die."

Together they walked up to the farm. Jens took his daughter's hand in his and led her through the heather and the bog myrtle, across the rough path, and in this way they reached the Sandgaard farm. In the dark they groped their way into the house, while the Sandgaard people listened wondering who it might be. When they got inside the room, they stood still for a moment blinded by the lights, before Jens Damgaard discovered Povl. Then he walked over to him, holding his daughter by the hand, and said: "Oh, you Sandgaard folks, what kind of people are you? She is the only one I have left, and now she leaves me to go to you. But I am giving her up willingly, for you have won."

Povl Sandgaard looked at Jens, his eyes shone brightly, then going over to his former friend, grasped him by both shoulders and shook him violently. Suddenly his face changed; just as in a tempest sunshine follows upon heavy clouds, his expression became soft, softer than Jens Damgaard had ever seen it, and he who generally spoke with readiness, could now find no words, but none were needed.

Sweden's World Industries

VII. Matches

By NABOTH HEDIN

NO LIST of Swedish industries with world wide ramifications would be complete without the mention of matches, which are the Swedish export article *par excellence*. No other single commodity has made Sweden known so widely, or so generally in the four corners of the earth. As the Swedish Crown Prince himself remarked in one of his American addresses, they spread light and warmth in the entire world.

Safety matches as a Swedish invention, have already been discussed in a previous article in the REVIEW. Hardly less remarkable is the development of the Swedish Match Company as a business covering the whole world. It is now the largest joint stock company in Sweden, and it was the first to have its shares introduced on foreign stock exchanges. Roughly speaking, it controls one-third of the world's match production, and no other match concern anywhere equals it in size or in quantity of output. It not only concentrates since 1917 the entire match production of Sweden, but it also controls plants in several other countries, and in conjunction with its American subsidiary, the International Match Corporation, it holds a monopoly on the match business in Poland and Peru, as well as Portugal. Its total capitalization is now about 185,000,000 kronor. In annual production, including that of all its plants, it exceeds 30,000 matches per second, night and day, or ten billion boxes a year.

It was in a small, one story building in the Swedish provincial town of Jönköping that this business was started in 1848, or nearly eighty years ago, and, what is more, the building in question is still in use for match making purposes, while around it have grown up much higher structures in large numbers. Furthermore it was at Jönköping that Alex. Lagerman, a Swedish inventor, first installed his "Universal"



JOHAN EDVARD LUNDSTRÖM, ORIGINATOR OF THE SAFETY MATCH

match making machine, which automatically cut the splints, dipped them in sulphur, affixed the tip, dried the matches, and packed them in the boxes, and though this was in 1872, or over fifty years ago, the same machine is still in daily use—a unique record.

The founders of the Swedish match industry were two brothers, born in Jönköping, Johan Edvard and Carl Frans Lundström, and while the former was a resourceful chemist with a shrewd eye for technical improvements, the latter was the natural business organizer who made Jönköping matches known not only in Sweden, but abroad. In the export business these brothers formed connections with an English house, Bryant & May, as early as 1850, and in 1867 with a Hamburg merchant, A. W. Winkler, who began to introduce Swedish matches to the overseas markets. Now the organizing brain behind the Swedish match industry is a youthful looking Swedish civil engineer named Ivar Kreuger, born in 1880. It was Kreuger who in 1917 took the initiative to combine all Swedish match producers under a single company, and it is he who now negotiates the expansion of the Swedish match business all over the world.

New Swedish investments abroad in match factories or distribution agencies last year amounted to over 50,000,000 kronor, making the total over 86,000,000. In India alone the Swedish company has now four factories in which the production capacity was quadrupled last year by new construction and work in four shifts. And yet the exports of matches made in Sweden to India continue to increase. The sales of Swedish made matches increased last year by 16 per cent, and all Swedish plants are now working on full schedules. In the 20 years from 1903 to 1922, inclusive, the sales of the Swedish Match Company's factories, at home and abroad, increased from 9,284,181 kronor to 125,368,663. Since safety matches are no longer an exclusively Swedish product, it is only by superior quality and better methods of production and distribution that this expansion has been possible.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE SWEDISH MATCH INDUSTRY, THE FACTORY BUILDING OF 1848



OUR LADY'S CHURCH IN KALUNDBORG ERECTED ABOUT 1170 BY ESBERN SNARE

Historic Towns of Denmark

III. Kalundborg, the City of Five Towers

By A. VEJLÖ

KALUNDBORG—merely a name, but a name that holds rich memories of the past, a name that looms large in the history of Denmark during the last seven or eight hundred years.

Almost every spadeful of earth that is turned on the site of this old Sjælland town uncovers new finds, new testimony of the highly developed architecture of the Middle Ages. Even so late as in March of the present year, in the course of excavations in the castle grounds in the center of the town, discovery was made of the foundation of the principal tower of Kalundborg Castle. This tower, "Folen," with its broad base, was the greatest of all Danish towers. Here in bygone centuries the archives of the realm were kept. In the Monks' Lake back of the Castle's barnyard lie other ruins, long since uncovered, of towers and bastions, important parts of the encircling wall, built for the defence of town, castle, and church by Esbern Snare, a brother of the famous Bishop Absalon, the founder of Copenhagen.

It is as if a voice from the gloomy depths of the tower dungeons warns us: "Put off your shoes, for you stand in the holy places of the fathers." Here the past glows in every crevice between the monastic stones of the ruins; here history lives; here memories sing. One



KIRKEPLADSEN, A SHELTERED CORNER



LADEGAARD ERECTED IN 1752 BY CHRISTIAN LERCHE



WITHIN HANS LINDENOV'S COURT, NOW A MUSEUM

hears the shouts of victory as the knights and their followers come home from the wars, but one hears too the deep sighs from the murky dungeons of the tower, where prisoners await the fate that the gracious Lord up in the gilded halls shall deal out to them.

The castle, which was burned and partly torn down by the Swedes in 1659, stood for about five hundred years. For three hundred years it was the state prison, and many important persons have in the changing times been immured there behind bolts and iron bars.

Many things in the town bear the stamp of the twentieth century; modern life has made deep furrows in the physiognomy of the place, but in the old part of the town the changes have not been great, and here we find memory after memory of vanished times, and of life as it has been lived here by generation after generation.

On the top of the church hill stands Vor Frue Church, its five

slender towers extended toward the sky as if in prayer. Esbern Snare built the church in 1170-71, and architecturally it is unique. The ground plan is in the form of a Greek cross. The central tower, Our Lady tower, which is 140 feet high, collapsed in 1827 and was rebuilt in 1871. Its foundations had been weakened by the interments made in the church in the time of Christian IV. By a thorough-going restoration the church has now been brought back to its original form, and in its simple beauty, makes an overwhelming impression upon the beholder.

About the church are grouped a number of beautiful mediaeval buildings: the Old Latin School, the parsonage, the rectory, the council-house, the bishop's residence, and old patrician homes. For one who is interested there is material here for many days' study.

If Kalundborg is rich in memories and in beauty, the natural surroundings are no less so. The region is



ADELGADE WITH PATRICIAN MANSIONS



PRÆSTEGADE LINED BY ANCIENT HOUSES



THE OLD TOLL BOOTH AND MAIN GATE

fertile fields, idyllic lakes, and light-green beech woods form a natural mosaic filled with beauty.

To the east the hill country extends for miles and miles. Orchards, strewn with cairns and other things which tell of the life of the past. But nature itself is varied and beautiful as nowhere else in Denmark.

Go westward over the Refsnæs Hills. Rest on a summer day under the Kongstrup cliffs or enjoy the view from the top of Ulfshöjen (Wolf's Hill). From the north the mighty waves of Cattegat roll toward the rocky coast, and breakers make a flaming beacon fire over Refsnæs Reef, where many a proud ship in years gone by has struck and disappeared. To the south it is the smooth waters of the fjord that come gliding in from the currents of the Great Belt, and the wavelets ripple and sing about the foot of Refsnæs Hill. In by-gone times Refsnæs was clothed with forests, but when Valdemar, the only son of Valdemar Sejer and Queen Dagmar, perished there, killed by an accidental shot during a hunt, the King swore that never more should beech or oak grow there, no longer should roe or hind find shelter there. The King had the peninsula cleared of forest, and the latter part of the King's curse seems to have remained in force until 1925, when two young deer came swimming to Refsnæs and found shelter in the little plantation at the peninsula's tip, where they still live.

Of all the towns of Denmark, Kalundborg is perhaps the one which has the most numerous and the most beautiful memories of the late Middle Ages, and the world is now beginning to "discover" the town, as the increasing tourist traffic bears witness. But the great and busy harbor gives evidence that even though its citizens live surrounded by memories of the past, they themselves are living in the strongly pulsating life of the present and are working toward the future.



THE SKYLINE OF KALUNDBORG DOMINATED BY THE MASSIVE TOWERS OF OUR LADY'S CHURCH

Current Events

U. S. A.

¶ Some weeks before the adjournment of Congress an inquiry was conducted into the expenses of the Pennsylvania Republican primary, with Senator Reed, of Missouri, chairman of the Congressional committee. It was shown that nearly two million dollars had been spent by the candidates, with Representative W. S. Vare successful as the nominee for the Senate against Senator George Wharton Pepper, who was up for renomination. ¶ The inquiry also led to the "dry" forces, and Wayne B. Wheeler, general counsel for the Anti-Saloon League, stated to the committee that in six years the League had spent about two million dollars to bring about prohibition and enforce it. ¶ The Washington administration is paying considerable attention to the victory of former Senator S. W. Brookhart, of Iowa, over Senator Albert B. Cummins, at the Republican Senatorial primaries in that state. It is believed that this may have a possible bearing on the political fortunes of President Coolidge and the Republican party because of the ousting of Brookhart by the Senate after he had received a proper certificate of election by the State authorities. ¶ By those ordinarily well informed politically it is predicted that Senator William E. Borah of Idaho is to-day the outstanding national figure and that his championship of the "dry" forces makes him loom as presidential material. ¶ The special Senate sub-committee authorized to investigate the legality of the Presidential order permitting the employment of State and local officials as Federal agents decided that Mr. Coolidge had legal authority for his act. ¶ Final estimates of the Government finances for the fiscal year 1925-26 indicate that the budget surplus will be just about \$390,000,000,

as forecast by the President, but it now appears that total reduction of the public debt will reach \$875,000,000, or about \$40,000,000 more than shown by earlier estimates. ¶ By a vote of 236 to 112 the House of Representatives approved the World War debt agreement negotiated with France which provides for the payment of \$6,847,674,000 in principal and interest running over a period of sixty-two years. ¶ On the seventy-first anniversary of the birth of the late Senator Robert M. La Follette, the candidates for the United States Senate and State offices from Wisconsin made public what is generally regarded as the most intensely anti-Administration platform promulgated so far in this campaign by any wing of the Republican Party. It is understood that the platform is aimed principally against Senator Irvine L. Lenroot, who is a candidate for renomination, and who led the Administration fight for the World Court which the Progressives are against. ¶ The four years of effort made by the United States Government to settle the bitter differences between Chile and Peru over the Provinces of Tacna and Arica apparently came to an end when the Chilean Government notified the State Department that it withdrew from direct negotiations for an adjustment under the tender of good offices instituted by President Coolidge.

Denmark

¶ From present indications, political activity in Denmark will be in full force during the summer months when the members are no longer required to cleave to their direct parliamentary labors. Campaigning preliminary to the fall election is already claiming the attention of the leaders of the respective parties, and Social Minister Borghjerg, in a recent

speech at Hilleröd, gave a forecast of the program which the Social Democratic party expects will lead to victory. ¶Minister Borghjerg did not handle the previous cabinet with kid gloves, and criticized especially the manner in which the country's money matters had been administered by the former minister of finance. The Conservative element in the Landsting came in for a severe censure, and the speaker predicted that in the fall election its majority would be eliminated. ¶It is significant, in view of the co-operation heretofore existing between the Social Democrats and the Radical Left Party, that *Politiken*, the organ of the latter party, treats Minister Borghjerg's speech more or less sympathetically, as if foreshadowing a continued working together with the view to defeating the Conservatives. ¶Politics in South Jutland has displayed a number of interesting features, including the appearance on the scene of one Cornelius Petersen who took it upon himself to play the part of a kind of lesser Mussolini. The particular Fascism that Petersen advocated was, however, attacked by H. P. Hanssen, whose loyalty to Danish interests no one could gainsay. ¶The Fourth of July celebration at Rebild this year assumed even more important proportions than formerly. With Dr. Max Henius as usual taking the leading part in all that concerns the Rebild festivities, a number of other Danish-Americans were scheduled to speak and make the event the great success it always is. ¶Copenhagen for years has been a favorite city for the holding of international congresses, and recently the International Congress of Ornithology brought to the Danish capital some of the greatest bird experts in the world. Among these may be mentioned former King Ferdinand of Bulgaria and Lord Walter Rotschild who is said to possess the greatest collection of birds in existence. ¶The Scandinavian Film Congress likewise

proved of exceptional importance this year, and the Scandinavian Historical Congress was also an important event with the leading historians of the three countries present. Professor Aage Friis was chairman of the local committee. ¶The royal family has been visiting Iceland where King Christian and the Queen met with the most hearty reception and were made the objects of loyal attention on the part of the Icelanders who, in spite of their semi-independence as a nation, are deeply attached to the Danish royal house. The visit will do much toward strengthening the political ties that bind Denmark and Iceland.

Norway

¶The Lockout in the iron industry, the building trades, and other important industries, which commenced April 24, came to an end June 11, the employers and the workers having accepted the wage agreement proposed by the public mediation commission. By this agreement wages are generally reduced by about 17 per cent, but the decrease is compensated by the rise in the Norwegian exchange which has taken place during the last year. *Aftenposten* estimates that the conflict has cost the country about 50 million kroner. It is expected that similar wage agreements will be concluded in the industries not affected by the recent lockout, when the existing agreements expire. ¶The State monopoly of the sale of grain, which was established during the war, has been abolished, the Odelsting and the Lagting by a very narrow majority adopting the proposal to this effect made by the Conservative and Agrarian parties. The proposal includes a new organization of the sale of grain with a State subsidy for the home production. The subsidy is to be covered by an import duty on wheat. ¶The Rockefeller Institute has offered to defray the expenses involved in building

a new observatory in northern Norway for the examination of the Northern lights. The total cost is estimated at 350,000 kroner. ¶The Storting on June 11 by 74 to 62 votes carried a government bill, containing an agreement with the Bank of Norway with the object of strengthening the bank's powers to control the exchanges and prevent harmful fluctuations of the Norwegian krone. ¶A conference was held at Oslo in the beginning of June between Norwegian and Russian geographical experts under the chairmanship of Doctor Fridtjof Nansen to discuss the possibility of Norwegian-Russian co-operation in the exploration of northeastern Siberia. As a result of these negotiations an expedition will start for Siberia next year. The well known Norwegian Arctic explorer, Otto Sverdrup, has accepted the offer to be captain of the vessel of the expedition. ¶The fisheries at Finmark in northern Norway have this year been exceedingly rich. The catch is the biggest since 1911, totalling 60 millions kilogram. ¶The Norwegian publishing firm Gyldendal, Oslo, has concluded a contract with the Norwegian Aero club regarding the publishing of a book on the Norge's Arctic flight to be written by Roald Amundsen, Lincoln Ellsworth, and Colonel Nobile. The book will appear simultaneously in several countries. ¶The "National Committee against Prohibition" has issued a manifesto, signed by men representing all political parties. The manifesto urges the Norwegian electors to vote against prohibition of spirits at the plebiscite which is to take place October 18. ¶Nordmandsforbundet held its annual meeting at Oslo in the beginning of June and reelected Mr. C. J. Hambro as President. ¶Several prominent Norwegian-Americans have been awarded the order of St. Olav as a recognition of their work in connection with the centennial celebrations last year. J. A. O. Preus, the former Governor of Minne-

sota, was made a commander of the first class, and Professor Gisle Bothne commander of the second class.

Sweden

¶The Socialist ministry which has been in power since 1924, first headed by Branting, then by Thorsson, and then by Sandler, has now fallen on a question which did not seem of sufficient importance to cause a ministerial crisis. The government has suffered several reverses, but has survived them all, partly because the other parties did not have a majority and did not wish to force the issue. The Socialists were in fact the largest party, but in questions where they could not count on the support of the National Liberal group—and these were the most numerous and important—they did not have a working majority. ¶The crisis came as the result of a conflict, which began in May, between the government and the Riksdag commission for the relief of unemployment. The commission had assigned the unemployed work in the mines at Stripa, but as it happened these mines had been declared in a state of blockade by the Syndicalists on account of a dispute on a question of wages. Although the commission was acting according to instructions from the Riksdag, the government refused to sanction its actions and actually took sides with the Syndicalists. This was regarded as favoring one party at the expense of the nation as a whole, and the government had therefore no alternative except to resign. ¶The National Liberals, though few in number, have been holding the balance of power, since their support was necessary to the Socialist government if it was to maintain its position. Their leader, Carl Gustaf Ekman, was the strongest man in the Riksdag, and it was natural therefore that he was requested by the King to form a new government. The National Liberals for-

merly belonged to the old Liberal party, but a few years ago formed their own group chiefly on the issue of prohibition, which they favor. Mr. Ekman, when he accepted the post of prime minister, asked the Liberals to join him, and the great Liberal leader, Eliel Löfgren, who was Sweden's delegate to the League of Nations from 1920 to 1922, accepted the post of foreign minister. ¶The new cabinet is a government of experts rather than of parliamentarians, although it contains some men prominent in politics, notably the minister of defenses, Editor Gustaf Rosén, and the minister of commerce, Felix Hamrin, a merchant in Jönköping, both National Liberals. Among the other members may be mentioned the minister of justice, Professor Johan Thyrén, of Lund University; the traffic minister, Carl Meurling; the minister of agriculture, Paul Hellström; the social minister, Jacob Pettersson, mayor of Södertälje. All these men are recog-

nized even by their political opponents as possessed of ability that fits them particularly well for their positions. ¶The premier has reserved for himself the portfolio of finance. Mr. Ekman is the first laborer who has risen to the highest position in the government. He was a stonemason who first attracted attention to himself by his activity in the temperance movement. He then became a newspaper man and eventually an editor, entered local politics, and was elected to the Riksdag, where he rose to be leader of his group in the first chamber. ¶The program of the new government offers nothing very new or decisive. The defenses are to be strengthened as much as possible within the limitations set by the Riksdag, and especial stress will be laid on the development of the navy. The communal taxes are to be reorganized, and the plans for social insurance and for the improvement of the school system are to be carried out.



CARL GUSTAF EKMAN, PREMIER OF SWEDEN

The American-Scandinavian Foundation

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The Prince and the Press

Perhaps it is because the Crown Prince of Sweden has high and sincere respect for the press, that the press has shown so much affection for him. There can be no question of the skill with which he met the ordeal by interview. "One does feel rather overwhelmed," he told New York editors and publishers when he met them at luncheon on June 4, "by the magnitude of everything here; by the size of your towns, by the height of your skyscrapers, by the never-ceasing traffic in your streets, by the number of your newspapers—and reporters."

The President of the Foundation, Mr. Leach, who is editor of the *Forum*, had assembled sixty or more editors, publishers, and authors to meet the Crown Prince at luncheon at a New York club. The Crown Prince spoke with force and wit of the power of the press. "It not only gives us all the news, news of what has happened, will happen—and also, possibly, never is going to happen:—but it forms public opinion to a very considerable extent . . . There may be danger in this, the danger that the readers stop thinking for themselves and let the well-written newspapers think for them. Fortunately there exists a good safety-valve to this danger; the press does not, as we all may have found out,

represent a unanimous opinion." He spoke of the press in Sweden as "always a free press, and it always will be."

The New York Chapter Reception

Anyone on Fifth Avenue shortly after three o'clock on Wednesday, June 9, could have seen the Crown Prince of Sweden walking briskly along the street, stopping here and there for a little "window shopping." He was on his way, with several slightly breathless members of his party, from the Waldorf-Astoria, where he had lunched with the Swedish Chamber of Commerce and had matched Mr. Charles Schwab's jokes with a jest of his own, to the Hotel Plaza, where he and the Crown Princess were to meet the members of the New York Chapter of the Foundation at tea. In spite of the fact that no member could apply for more than two tickets, almost six hundred people were present, filling even the balconies of the ball room. Fellows of the Foundation were the ushers. The Prince's party were welcomed first by officers of the Chapter and members of the Social Committee in the small reception room and conducted, as the national anthems were played, to a table in the centre of the ball room. Here they heard Mme. Marie Sundelius of the Metropolitan Opera sing, with a charm long familiar to the members of the

Chapter, a half-dozen American and Swedish songs. At the table with the Crown Prince and Crown Princess were the Swedish Minister to the United States and Madam Boström, the American Minister to Sweden and Mrs. Bliss, Miss de Reutersward, maid of honor to the Crown Princess, Court Marshal Nils Rudebeck, Mr. G. Thomson-Parker, and Mrs. G. Hilmer Lundbeck. At tables near by were other members of the Prince's party and officers of the Chapter. Among the guests were Mrs. Ira Nelson Morris, for many years hostess in the American Legation in Stockholm, Dr. George H. Sherwood, Director of the American Museum of Natural History, Congressman and Mrs. Carl R. Chindblom of Chicago, Professor Robert H. Fife of Columbia University, and the Acting Consul-General of Denmark, Mr. Oluf. After tea, the Crown Prince and Princess Louise waited in the adjoining, smaller ball room to meet the members of the Chapter.

The Trustees' Dinner

Thursday, June 10, was not so difficult a day for the Crown Prince of Sweden as were some on his program. In the morning he had time to play tennis. The only formal event of the day was a dinner with the Trustees of the Foundation at the University Club. At this dinner he spoke the praise of the Foundation's work found on another page of this number of the REVIEW, and accepted election as an Honorary Member of the Board of the Foundation. It was a distinguished group waiting in the reception room when the Crown Prince and the men of his party arrived; John W. Davis, former Ambassador to Great Britain and a candidate for the Presidency in 1924, Judge Elbert H. Gary of the United States Steel Corporation, President John Grier Hibben of Princeton University, President Henry Noble MacCracken of Vassar College, Charles

E. Mitchell, Edward T. Stotesbury, Jerome Greene, Dr. Frederick Keppel of the Carnegie Corporation, Dr. Max Farrand of the Commonwealth Fund, Stephen P. Baker, Edward B. Robinette, Irving T. Bush, Harold I. Pratt, George Whitney, John H. Finley, John A. Hartford, G. Thomson-Parker, Carl R. Chindblom, Franklin T. Kirkbride, E. A. Cap-pelen-Smith, Col. George W. Burleigh, Captain A. P. Lundin, Edgar Rickard, Perry Osborn and ten trustees and officers of the Foundation. In the Prince's party were Minister Boström, Minister Bliss, Mr. de Rudebeck, Count de Posse, Consul-General Lamm, Mr. Henriksson, Captain Asbrink, Col. Solbert, and Dr. Brilioth.

Two features of the dinner are familiar at every meeting of the Trustees: the Founder's Memory Beaker, an old Norse silver cup always filled with flowers on such occasions in memory of Niels Poulson, and the President's address reviewing briefly all our work. "And now the work of this Foundation," he said in conclusion, "receives a new glory through the visit to America of a prince of scholars, a profound student of statecraft and archaeology. Gentlemen, Gustavus Adolphus, the warrior, belongs to history, but a distinguished career awaits his namesake, scholar and statesman. Long live Gustaf Adolf!" Mr. Charles S. Haight, also a Trustee and donor of a Fellowship in the exchange of students with Sweden, compared the educational work for international good-will with that of formal diplomacy; Dr. Stephen P. Duggan, Director of the Institute of International Education spoke of our Foundation as a model for other international associations; and John W. Davis, secure from reporters even for the REVIEW, made one of the most felicitous addresses heard in the course of the Crown Prince's visit.

In behalf of the Trustees, all of whose signatures were attached to it, the Secre-

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tary, Mr. Creese, handed to the Crown Prince an illuminated address on his election to be an Honorary Member of the Board.

Dr. Finley Contributes to The Poetic Edda

It was at the dinner to the Crown Prince that Dr. John H. Finley, the Associate Editor of *The New York Times* and our lecturer to the Scandinavian countries in 1923, read, after protest and with a happy combination of scholarship and humor, the following comment on and supplement to *The Poetic Edda*:

"In the poetic *Edda*, one, Alvis, the "All-Knowing," desiring to marry Thor's daughter, the Princess "Thruuth," was compelled to undergo what we would call a general intelligence test. Each question began:

Answer me, Alvis, thou knowest all,

Dwarf, of the doom of men,

What call they (this or that or that)

In each and every world?

Among the questions was one as to heaven and the answer:

"Heaven," men call it; "The Height," the gods;

The wanes, "The Weaver of Winds"; Giants, "The Up-World"; elves, "The Fair Roof";

The dwarfs, "The Dripping Hall."

The moon is "The Flame," "The Goer," "The Gleaner," "The Teller of Time"; the sun is "The Ever-Bright," "The Fair-Wheel," "The All-Glowing"; the clouds are "The Kites of the Wind," "The Helmet of Secrets," the "Water Hope"; the wood is "The Mane of the Field," "Sea-weed of Hills," "Flame Food"; and ale that is "in each and every world quaffed of man" is "Beer," the gods among and for others "The Foaming," "Bright Draught," "Mead" and "Feast Draught."

Alvis failed to win the prize only because he didn't finish the examination before dawn, for he was of those who could not endure the sunlight. Had the

questions about "ale" and "night" and "fire" been omitted and the following one substituted, he might have won Thor's daughter and himself become a Prince.

The question as it would appear in the *Edda* examination would be:

Answer me Alvis, thou knowest all,

Dwarf, of the doom of men,

What call they him, Gustaf Adolf,

In each and every world?

And the pre-dawn answer which would have given Alvis more than a passing mark and perhaps the honor he sought would have been this:

"A real-Man Prince," his giant peers;

"A Shark of a Scholar," the science seers;

"Arctic Apollo," the maiden elves;

"A Regular Fellow," we ourselves.

The Minnesota Chapter

The Minnesota Chapter held its annual meeting and dinner May nineteenth, at the Odin Club in Minneapolis. Dr. Soren P. Rees presided, and Dr. Alfred J. Pearson, the American Minister to Finland, was the chief speaker. Other speakers were the Danish vice-consul in Minneapolis, M. T. Bentzen, Professor A. A. Stomberg of the University of Minnesota, and Einar Anderson, President of the Junior division of the State chapter. The following directors were elected: Professor J. Jorgen Thompson, E. L. Mattson, F. K. Walter, Dr. Soren P. Rees, Dr. N. H. Scheldrup, Dr. Solon J. Buck, Mrs. E. G. Quamme, Dr. Nils Juell, C. J. Schultz, H. Askeland, J. O. Gronvall, Dr. M. B. Ruud, Professor A. A. Stomberg, Ex-Governor John Lind, Judge Gunnar H. Nordbye, and Dr. Hilding Berglund. It was voted that the president appoint a committee of five to raise a special scholarship fund of \$15,000 to \$20,000, the income from which will be used for a fellowship of \$1,000 annually granted to some one within the state.



HIAWATHA AT THE FALLS OF MINNEHAHA. TAPESTRY BY PAULINE G. FJELDE

Northern Lights

Minneapolis possesses one of the most beautiful tapestries woven in modern times. It is the work of Pauline G. Fjelde, who was born in Norway, came to America as a young woman, and died in Minneapolis in December, 1923. The art of embroidery first engaged her abilities. After having made a name for herself in this line of work, she took up

tapestry weaving, and spent several years in France and Germany studying the Gobelin tapestries. Her imagination stimulated and her craftsmanship perfected, she returned to America and conceived and executed the beautiful tapestry shown in the illustration. The motif is taken from Longfellow's *Song of Hiawatha*, and is expressed in the scene when Hiawatha suddenly returns from the forest and stands before the Old Nok-

mis and Minnehaha with a deer upon his shoulders. The tapestry is eight by ten feet in size, and is surrounded by a border composed of forty-four squares representing scenes from Indian life.

The Baldishol Tapestry

As an expression of their gratitude for her part in the President's official visit to the Norse-American Centennial last year, Norwegian-American women have presented to Mrs. Coolidge for the White House a reproduction of an old Norwegian tapestry, the Baldishol tapestry, so called because it was found between the floors in the Baldishol church in Hede-marken, Norway. The original, which dates from the year 1160, is considered the chief treasure of the Museum of Applied Arts in Oslo, and there Kristi Sexe, one of Norway's first experts in weaving, set up her loom and wove the faithful replica with yarn of her own spinning and dyeing.

The tapestry, accompanied by Hans Dedekam's handsome volume describing it and two copies of the book containing the names of the five thousand women donors (one copy to remain in the White House permanently, the other, together with a gold medal of the Centennial, for Mrs. Coolidge personally) were presented on June 8, the first anniversary of the President's historic address in Minnesota. The delegation which conveyed the gift, was entertained at luncheon at the Norwegian Legation by Madame Bryn who accompanied the group to the White House, and introduced Mrs. Gisle Bothne, president of the national committee, who in turn presented Mrs. Obed Kyllø, treasurer, Miss Anna C. Reque, chairman for New York, and from Washington's Congressional representation, Mrs. John M. Nelson, Mrs. Knut Wefald, Mrs. Christophersen, Mrs. Alfred Andresen, Mrs. Sutherland and Miss Kvale.

Bergen's Museum, 1825-1925

In commemoration of its hundredth anniversary the Bergen Museum has published a jubilee volume, edited by the scientific staff of the institution. This impressive and well illustrated work of more than five hundred pages begins with a general summary of the museum's history by its director, Carl Fred. Kolderup.

Visits from Scandinavian Scholars

Among Scandinavian professors who have visited America during the early summer may be mentioned Professor Jacob S. Worm-Müller of the Royal Fredrik University in Oslo and editor of *Samtiden*, who came to the United States upon an invitation from the Rockefeller Foundation; Professor A. F. Bugge from Norway's Technical Institute in Trondhjem to study and give lectures on the housing problem; and Professor Johannes Schmidt, the Danish scientist, who is on his way home to Copenhagen after several months in the South Pacific studying the migration habits of eels.

Another Rockefeller Gift

The Social Science Institute of the University of Stockholm (*Stockholms Högskola*) has received a gift of \$15,000 annually for a five-year period from The Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial. The donation will be used to further social and political research, beginning with a study of the wage problem. The work will be carried on under the direction of Professor Gösta Bagge who visited America in 1924 as a traveling fellow of the Foundation.

Physicians' Study Tour

The Scandinavian countries, Germany, Switzerland, France, and England are included in the itinerary of the Travel Study Club of American Physicians, a group of physicians, surgeons, and their wives who sailed from New York on the

Stavangerfjord, June 12. The secretary and director of the club is Dr. Richard Kovacs of the Reconstruction Hospital and Columbia Medical School, and the travel management is in the hands of the Raymond and Whitcomb Co. Included in the group are Dr. Louis Livingston Seaman of New York, Dr. F. H. Albee who is credited with the introduction of power driven surgical instruments, Dr. L. H. Peters, author of medical and dietary works, and Dr. Clifford S. Wood of Florida. In all, there are seventeen doctors in the group. They are to land at Bergen and visit the principal medical institutes in Oslo, Stockholm, and Copenhagen. Special committees to receive them in the Scandinavian capitals have been appointed.



THE FLAG OF THE FIFTEENTH WISCONSIN

The Norwegian American Museum

The rapidly growing museum at Luther College in Decorah, Iowa, has recently acquired some treasures of unusual interest to students of the Norwegian pioneer. One of these is the tattered remnants of a banner which was carried through the Civil War by Colonel Hans Heg's regiment, the famous Fifteenth Wisconsin. It led them in twenty-six battles, they followed it in Sherman's march from Atlanta to the sea, and under it Colonel Heg fell at Chickamauga.

It shared the fate of the regiment, only one-half remained when the war was over; but the original inscription (in Norwegian) is still discernable: "Presented by the Society Nora of Chicago to the Scandinavian Regiment March 1st, 1862. For God and Our Country." Two other gifts of great historical value are a pioneer church from 1852, and the house in Rochester, New York, built by Lars Larsen, the leader of the *Restaurasjonen* Sloopers. The church is to be moved from its present location at Perry, Wisconsin, to the College Campus, and the house will be used as a museum of the Sloopers.

The Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study

The sixteenth annual meeting of the Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study was held at the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, on Friday and Saturday, May 7 and 8.

The following papers were read on Friday: *The Magic Ship Ellida in Tegnér's Frithiofssaga*, by Professor A. M. Sturtevant; *The Text of Havamal, Stanza 75*, by Professor C. N. Gould; *The Word Norge and its Cognates*, by Professor Gisle Bothne; *Evolutionary Philosophy in Strindberg*, by Professor Harry V. E. Palmblad; *A Sketch of Professor Rølvaag's Novel on Norwegian Pioneering in the Dakotas*, by Professor Julius E. Olson; *Kierkegaard's Theory of the Three Spheres of Life*, by Professor David F. Swenson.

Saturday morning was devoted to papers on *Tyr's Arrows*, by Professor A. H. Krappe; *The Nature Mood in Knut Hamsun*, by Professor O. E. Rølvaag; *How Scandinavian Studies Have Given Color to High School Activities*, by Miss Maren Michelet; *The Political Trend of Swedish Literature in Finland in Recent Decades*, by Mr. John Flodin.

At the business meeting which opened this session the following officers were

elected: President, Professor Chester N. Gould, University of Chicago; Vice-President, Professor L. M. Larson, University of Illinois; Secretary-Treasurer, Professor Joseph Alexis, University of Nebraska; Educational Secretary, Miss Maren Michelet, South High School, Minneapolis; Editor of *Scandinavian Studies and Notes*, Professor A. M. Sturtevant, University of Kansas.


The Society which has an enrollment of about one thousand members, invites all who are in sympathy with its program to join it. The quarterly, *Scandinavian Studies and Notes*, is issued with the financial support of the Foundation.

An Old Norse Leech Book

Professor Henning Larsen of the University of Iowa has contributed to *Modern Philology* notes on the Old Norse medical treatise and leechbook which was his subject of research while a Fellow of the Foundation to Norway. It is a fifteenth century manuscript on vellum, now in the Royal Irish Academy of Dub-

lin where Professor Larsen examined it. He divides the treatise into seven sections: charms and conjurations for stemming blood and curing fevers, a chapter on the depth of the sea, a book of simples and herbs, an antidotarium or book of compound medicines, a lapidary on the medical use of gems, a leechbook listing diseases and remedies, and a cook-book. "The importance of the Dublin MS," he says, "is, in the first place, that it throws light on all the other MSS, the fragmentariness of which has left many unsolved problems; and, in the second place, that it gives us a great deal of new material not contained in any of the other MSS. The material is of great interest to the medical historian, but of even greater to the philologist, who finds a wealth of lexicographic material that enables him to follow the creation of a medical vocabulary in Old Norse times." Professor Larsen has found evidence in the MS that it was "in all probability prepared for Thorleif Björnsson for use in Iceland."

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Books

CAMELS AND LAMAS

My Life as an Explorer. By Sven Hedin. Illustrated by the Author. Translated by Alfild Huebsch. New York; Boni and Liveright, 1925. Price \$5.00.

TIME after time the tinkling bronze bells of the caravans, beginning their journey bravely over sand dune or mountain range, are destined to arrive at their goal creeping at a snail's pace, mourning their fearful losses. But, feeble though bells may then sound from the necks of the remaining camels, the end of the journey is triumphant. The next travellers through those parts may reckon with exactness their supplies; no guess work in distance or route need massacre a caravan again—another "white" section of the map is charted, and a stretch of land before only a hazard has been made a means of communication between two civilizations.

This is Sven Hedin's life work, and in various scientific books he has written the exact data of his discoveries. In his biography, however, *My Life as an Explorer*, he throws aside all but the most picturesque of the learned facts and pulls forth for us pattern after pattern of the most vivid colors of adventure.

A job, when his school days were scarcely over, tutoring the son of an engineer among the Nobel oil fields on the Caspian Sea, was the start of the career of exploration which he had longed for. He did not wait long to plunge into excitement and danger, for, with his first term's pay, he took a trip alone on horseback. Arabian Nights hospitality was proffered as he arrived friendless in a strange Persian city with fifteen cents in his pocket, and his return journey consisted of three hundred miles of straight riding without rest, wearing out nine horses.

Drama and danger followed him close

even when, older and less reckless, with definite duties to the Swedish government and scientific societies, he planned his trips with more care. There is a desperate tale of the caravan, that, camel by camel, and man by man, died from thirst along the desert trail, Hedin and one native creeping on alone to the river—to find on reaching it that the river bed was dry! The heart-breaking journeys through the blizzards, across unknown mountain passes twenty-two thousand feet high, the heat, the cold, the lack of fuel and food, make you wonder how he had the courage to go back again and again to his task. His disregard for his own body, even while he is intellectually calculating the ghastly pains of hardship which it endured, point to the fact that he is physically insensitive; and then there is the glamour of being followed stealthily for days by desert robbers.

The thrills and suspense of the narrative lose nothing by the rapid, succinct style of the author. He seems to give you all the color of the changing scenes, and to share all the interest in human beings, animals, and scenery which obviously fills his mind. His own sketches, too, most animated little drawings, help the unfamiliar mind to see. A charge of sixty-seven Chinese horsemen in full panoply, a gorgeous trick of the Thibetan Governor for terrorizing the suspect explorer, comes to life in the spear-shot, galloping pencil sketch.

One's sympathies in this event (perhaps the author's, too), rest with the gorgeous, suspicious Thibetan officials, courteous although determined, trying to divert a white man, however disguised with shaved head, stained skin, and the garb of a lama, from their holy city.

But, as you will find when you read this book, it would take more than the mere moving of heaven and earth to turn Sven Hedin from his purpose.

MARGARET MORTON CREESE.

TRADE NOTES

BIG INCREASE IN SWEDISH EXPORTS

In almost every line of manufacture for Swedish exports, the past year showed a notable increase. The value of ball bearings, for instance, as sold abroad, rose from 16,010,000 kronor to 23,410,000 kronor. With regard to cream separators, exports were increased by fifty per cent, with Russia the chief customer, thereby reflecting a decided improvement in Russian agricultural conditions. A good market was had for electrical generators and motors, and here Great Britain continued to be the best customer. The greatest export gain, however, was had in Swedish tool making machinery where there was nearly a 400 per cent increase.

DANISH-ICELANDIC ENGINEERING ENTERPRISE

A great power complex is planned for Iceland to utilize the five water falls in the Arnarfjord district. It is expected that there will be available no less than 40,000 horse power. A big engineering task confronts the promoters in that a long tunnel will have to be bored through the mountains. The purpose of the company will be to manufacture nitrate and other chemical products. The chairman of the Danish-Icelandic Company is Carl Sæmundsson. The Government of Iceland asks 50,000 kroner as a guarantee that all legal requirements be observed. The concession is for 60 years, and the work must be begun within the next four years and be completed in five years.

NEW NORWEGIAN COMMERCIAL LAW PROPOSED

The Norwegian Department of Commerce has proposed to the Government that it make certain changes in the commercial law of 1907 which will furnish greater protection to home industries. This applies especially to stock companies, and other enterprises organized with foreign capital. Instead of the directors of such concerns being considered "citizens" of the country after having been in Norway one year it is proposed that two years be the time set. Banks of foreign origin are now wholly excepted from the law as it now stands. Other rules more drastic than those of the present are proposed as essential to the industrial progress of Norway.

DANISH BUTTER EXPORTS INCREASE

According to the Danish agricultural department there has been a steady increase in butter exports. One reason for this is said to be that the dairies have followed the suggestion of cutting down the manufacture of cheese because of the low prices obtained for this article. In a recent week exports amounted to 2,870 tons of butter. This is believed to set a new record, apart from the period last year when several weeks' production had accumulated and was released at one time at the end of the strike.

GRÄNGESBERG ORE SHIPMENTS AND EARNINGS

How the ore export trade of the Grängesberg Company has grown in recent years is reflected in the net earnings of the company which from 14,430,000 kronor in 1923 increased until they amounted to 31,900,000 kronor in 1925.

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